The Ladies Delight,

Or:

THE ENGLISH Gentlewomans Hiſtory of *Calanthrop* and *Lucilla.*

CONSPICVOVSLY DEMONſtrating the various mutabilities of Fortune in their loues, with euery ſeuerall circumſtance of ioyes and croſſes, fortunate exploits, and hazardous aduentures, which either of them ſuſtained before they could attaine the proſperous euent of their wiſhed aimes.

By IOHN KENNEDIE.

Gratis Corycio, *mihi nectar* Caſtalis *vndæ,*
Mnemoſynes *natæ, nocte dedêre nouem.*

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The Ladies Delight.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, TRVELIE NOBLE, MAGNANIMOVS, AND worthy Lord, Sir DONALD MACKAYE, of STRANEVER Knight, Lord Colonell, &c.

MY LORD,

I Have (repoſing in your Lordſhips ingenuous nature) aſſumed the audacitie for two reſpects, to preſent theſe my Neophiticall labours vnto your Lordſhip. The firſt reaſon moving me ſo to doe, is this: Each generous minde reputes your Lordſhip to be well affected towards every act or aime (being vertuous) of whatſoever qualitie. The which report hath much imboldned mee (though meanly acquainted) to offer out of the indigencie of my illiterate ſkull, this litle mite, aſſuredly expecting (that ſince it proceeds of a loving & liberal mind, that your L. will accept thereof (though it be not of ſuch value) even as well as of theirs (who out of the abundant riches of their prudent and learned experiences) doe vſually throw moe talents into the Theſaurie of your Lordſhips præexcellent and admired worth. The ſecond reaſon inciting me, is this, That in regard this my Poeticall Exordium, is the firſt perſpicuous invention of my ſterile braine: and therefore conſequently fearing the inſufficiencie

encie thereof, I esteemed it my best to make choyce of your Lordship, as my worthy Mecœnas, *whose grandour, and great respect, is of sufficient power to palliate all the infirmities of this Pamphlet, yea and to shrowd the very same from the impetuous obloquie, and prepostorous scandall, of the most calumnious carper, or Satyricke Inveigher. Therefore since for your Lordship I did it, and to your Lordship I direct it: then good my Lord vouchsafe to patronize it. By which means I shall prove fortunate in my attempt, & your Lordship (as you are of every worthy one already, much respected) shal also of me be more & more reverenced, & intirely & infinitly affected. as I have special reason, being tyed many wayes thereto by dutie-bound obligation: of the which I esteem this last none of the least, and shall perpetually acknowledge it so to be, wishing your Lordship (in requitall of the same vndeserved benefite) the perfect fruition of each terrestriall happinesse here, and immortall felicitie hence, vowing likewise solemnly (during life) to continue,*

Your Lordships dutie-bound and obsequious servant, whom your Lordship may absolutey dispose of,

John Kennedie.

TO EACH READER OF *whatſoever qualitie or condition.*

IVdicious and Courteous Reader, knowing (by many experiences) that thoſe who are moſt prudent, learned, or capable, are generally ever moſt favourable and ſparing in their cenſures. I therefore have preſumed to commit this Poeme to thy view, intreating thee, that though perhaps it doe not give thee every way content, and that in reſpect it is voyd of ornate or elegant phraſe, and not of an Heroicke ſtile: and therfore not anſwerable to thy expectation, nor my deſire: yet ſince it is (though not as I would, yet ſuch as I could) allow me this gaines for my paines, that it paſſe without checke. But after the perviſing hereof, if thou bee ſo benevolently diſpoſed, (though not to commend the worke) yet to approve my aime, I ſhall for that vndeſerved favour, ever eſteeme my ſelfe infinitely bound to thy courteſie. But if thou prove towards mee an invective Critick, I am enforced to tel thee, that *Momiſts* are little or nothing reſpected. And *Zoylus*, though through carping at *Homerus* his workes, acquired the name of *Homeromaſtix* (which is *Homers* ſcourge) yet was he laught at for his paines, becauſe he diſapproved the worke which hee could neither amend nor paralell. It likewiſe was reputed a cynical humour in *Phocion* (though hee was *Plato* his ſcholler) to carp at every man that wore ſhooes, becauſe he himſelf went alwayes bare-footed. Likewiſe let me adviſe thee, if thou be a Poet, that thou doe not, with *Theon*, ſatyrickly inveigh at thoſe who are thy betters, becauſe thou thy ſelfe comeſt ſhort of their worke, and therefore canſt neither merite nor attaine the like commendation. Grud ge not therefore becauſe that the Poetical talent is not beſtowed vpon every one alike, but rather endevour through ſtudy (if thou be ſo vertuouſly inclined) to extend the Talent thou haſt allowed thee. But if thou be illiterate, and yet aime to cenſure (if thou hadſt vnderſtanding) this Poeme invectively, I will adviſe thee for

thy profite (though I have ſmall reaſon ſo to doe, in reſpect of thy malevolent intent) to deſiſt, leſt thou give me occaſion to ſay, *Ne Sutor vltra crepidam*: or, ſmiling at thy peeviſh humour, intreat thee to meddle onely with ſuch things as come within the compaſſe of thy capacitie. Yea, though thou be indifferently well affected, yet if thou be vnlearned, I dare hardly adventure to come within the circuite of thy cenſure, leſt either through miſconſtruing the ſubiect, or maimedly reading the verſe, thou value my labour at too low a rate. But vnhappy hee (and worthy to bee eſteemed the Prince of fooles) who willingly conſents to vnder-goe the cenſure of thoſe who are both beſotted with ignorance, and of a Satyrick diſpoſition. Yet expecting the beſt of every Reader, becauſe I by thoſe, no otherwayes have deſerved, I thus conclude, which every one that is capable muſt allow, as a *Dilemma*, that ſince love ever aimes at a correſpondencie, (notwithſtanding of the inequalitie of perſons. For as the old Scottiſh Adage goeth, *Love cannot ſtand on the one ſide*. So Reader, I whatſoever thou be) according to thy cenſure of theſe my labours, reſt towards thee affected, even thus,

Thine as thou meriteſt,

Iohn Kennedie.

Philetaros.

In Authorem Encomiasticon.

NOn Venerem Coam *melius puto pinxit* Apelles,
Praxitilesve *prius* Gnidiam *de marmore duxit*
Nec mage dulce melos, Siculo *cita* Vela *profundo*
Detinuit, Kenedo *fluit hic quam nectar ab ore*,
Harmonicisque modis castos describit amores,
Suavis huic patrijs manans de Vitibus humor.
Ritè Caledoniis *numeris includere Versus*
Gestit, & *ad patrios modulos benè Verba referre*,
Nec sinit indecores nostras, *magis esse Camenas*.
Scilicet Aonidum *chorus*, *hunc*, *super ardua vectum*,
Per juga Parnassi, *gelidique cacumina* Pindi,
Castalios *gustare lacus*, *umbrasque subire*,
Lauriferi nemoris, *secretaque* Phocidos *antra*
Permittit, *Comitemque sacri jubet ordinis ire*,
Inter & illustres nomen meruisse poetas,
Quotquot Hyanteos *latices hausere* Caballi
Ergo per hunc, *veteri* Coaque, Gnidoque *relictâ*
Vecta Caledonias Venus *aurea Venit ad oras*,
Barbara nec dici meruit, *Velut indiga cultus*,
Lingua Britanna, *suo referens sermone libellos*.

Galterus Bellendinus.

Ejusdem aliud.

Hic Venerem Veneriſque *doces* Kennede *clientes*,
Ore Verecundo Verba Britanna *loqui*,
Vlla nec in toto prurit lasciuia libro,
Non minus est nobis, *pagina*, *vita*, *proba*.

Galterus Bellendinus

In Kenedum Authorem.

GOrdius a Kenedo *laxatur nodus amoris*,
Nexibus haud ruptis enſe, ſed arte datis,
Pingitur alma Venus *non ſis pinxiſſet* Apelles,
Cedat cui Naſo, *ſplendet amoris Epos.*
Nil miri expertum quod cantet amator amorem
Cura quûm Muſas *perpete captus amet.*

R. Fairlæus.

The Mappe of this Muſe.

READer I wiſh thee hencefoorth to refraine,
To read the rupturs of madde *Ovids* braine
What canſt thou find in al theſe lines of his
But flatrings, ſmilings, or a baudie kiſſe,
Vaine wenching, ieaſting, dallieing, iealouſies,
Fainde ſights, deceats, and *Venus* vainities,
But view this pamphlet, and thy witt ſhall finde
Wiſe precepts and inſtructions for thy minde.
Sweet peace of thought, the ſecreet ioy of heart,
Chaſte modeſt loue, void of all vitious airt,
Rare continence, adornde with vertues ſhame,
Still lothing loue that lecherie doth name
Loe heere are lynes of paſſing pleaſant grace,
Which modeſt maids may read but bluſh of face
Thoſe are the firſt fruits of a braue ingyne,
Fortelling what his ſpirit will proue in time.
Then goe briefe booke and *Momus* ſeed defye,
Bee not affraid of Criticks baſe envie,
For to thy fame this boldly I relate.
No lines of loue ſhall liue a longer date.

Patrick Mackenzie.

THE HISTORY OF CALANTHROP AND LVCILLA.

ONE Summers day young *Calanthrop* ſate downe
In pleaſant grove, hard by a cryſtall brooke,
A Bay by vmbrage, *Flora* by her gowne
Gave ſuch content, that great delight he tooke:
For here his ſmell was pleas'd, ſo was his ſight,
His body ſafe from *Phœbus* ſcorching light.

Zephyrus motion 'mongſt the fruitfull ſprigges,
Made fall the Cherry, Apple, Prune and Peare:
Feath'red confed'rates ſate on tender twigges,
Ready prepared for to pleaſe his eare:
Theſe wing'd Muſitians ſtrain'd their pretty throates,
In divers Ditties warbling forth their notes.

In yonder rock ſits *Niobe* immur'd,
Here *Philomela* 'gins for to lament,
Pœnean Daphne there growes vp obſcur'd,
Phaetons ſiſters likewiſe doe relent,
And with their Amber teares through barke and rine,
Their loſſe and brothers fall ſeeme to repine.

Looke, *Adons* floure, yet of Vermilion dye,
Reteines the ſtaine received by his blood,
The ſilver teares fell from faire *Venus* eye
Vpon the leafe ſtand yet, as then they ſtood,
For, ſeeing how the Boare her loue had ſlaine,
Shee weeping kiſt, and kiſſing't weeps againe.

Narciſſus next, preſents it to his view
With drouping head, as he in fountaine gaz'd,
In ſigne he drencht, yet is it wet with dew,
Without a breach, it's head cannot be rais'd,
Of colour white, ſmall ſayour doth poſſeſſe,
He fooliſh faire, his death doth well expreſſe,

Turning by chance, his eye aſide he caſt,
And there perceiues a fountaine richly fram'd
Of Iet-black Marble, ſnow-white Alabaſt,
Nature nor workman neither to bee blam'd:
The worke was portraits, as I ſhall deſcrive,
Through liquid motion ſeem'd (though dead) alive.

There *Mars* and *Venus* might you ſee inſnar'd
In *Vulcans* net, ſtill toyling to get out,
Both of them vowing for to bee repair'd,
In taking vengeance on the polt-foot lout,
Phœbus peepes in, ſhame ſits on *Venus* cheeke,
In Scarlet roabe, *Mars* ſtrength is now to ſeeke.

A ſtatue next, *Orpheus* doth repreſent,
His harpe in hand, *Sylvanus* doth approach,
With *Sylvans*, *Fauns*, and *Satyrs* of intent,
To trip and daunce the woodie *Nymphes* incroach,
The tops of trees reverberate the ground,
Who, if they rootleſſe were, would daunce a Round,

Even as the Ivie doth infold the Oke,
Right ſo *Pygmalion* can his Statue cloſe,
Twixt breaſt and armes, that ſcarce he leaſure tooke
To view it well, for kiſſing't mouth and noſe.
It ſeemeson him to ſmile with comly grace,
And ſtill the water makes them move apace.

Next, ſits *Arion* on a Dolphins backe,
The light-foot *Nereids*, tripping on the ſand:
He playes, the Dolphins tumbling, dauncing make,
His ſpeciall aime is to attaine the land.
Twixt ſea and ſhore, him toſſe they to and froe,
Though not indeed, by water ſeeme they ſo.

Then greedie *Midas*, ſenceleſſe in his ſute
To *Bacchus* made, that what he toucht in gold,
Should quickly turne, h's Aſſes eares repute,
Midſt gold halfe ſtarv'd, he heavens implores, behold,
The reſponſe bids go bathe in *Pactol's* ſtreame,
Thy vertue loſſe, thy former ſtate redeeme.

See how *At'lanta* and *Hippomenes*,
By foot-courſe try moſt ſwiftly who can run,
Venus gold apples of *Hiſperides*,
The Laſſe perceives lye gliſtering gainſt the ſunne.
First one, an other, before the third ſhe catch,
The Lad prevailes, and winnes her to his match.

As *Icar* ſoares with artificiall wings,
His father cries, Sonne, keepe a lower gate;
Oft-times ambition late repentance brings,
His waxen plumes, ſhake looſe through *Titans* heat.
Whilſt *Dedalus* an equall courſe ſtill craves,
The ſea his ſonne of flight and breath bereaves.

Grim-fac'd *Meduſa*, next, with Snakie head,
Lookes all imbrewd in Serpents loathſome gore,
The vipers ſeeme, by biting, make her bleed,
Such is the water-worke I ſhew before.
Thoſe that beheld her, turned were to ſtone,
So are they here, ſave *Calanthrop*, each one.

Paris on *Ide*, three goddeſſe him beforne,
Stands doubting which of them to giue the ball.
Pallas bids wit, *Iuno* gold, nere forlorne,
Venus faire *Helen* height, and gained all.
Gold he reiects, Prudence no whit prevail'd,
Bewitching beautie ſo his heart aſſail'd.

Laſt, *Venus* ſonne ſtands hood-winkt, from his bow
He ſhafts forth ſends at randone through the aire,
Without reſpect both whom he hit or how,
If hee doe hit at all, is all his care.
None can evite all-conquering *Cupids* ſting
The baſe-borne beggar, nor the royall king.

This grove *Gargaphia* iuſtly might be cal'd,
Save that a *Dian* doth it not containe,
Nor *Cadmus* Oye, whoſe head with hornes impal'd,
For timeleſſe viewing of the chaſteſt traine,
Precip'tate *Acteon* of his ruthleſſe hounds,
For *Fatall* looke, received *Fatall* wounds.

Whilſt *Calanthrop* thus gaz'd, him thought he heard
Muſickes ſweet ſound arreſt his hearing ſence,
Hee turnes and ſees approch, a lovely guard
Of Damoſels, yet knew not their pretence,
His anxious thoughts import a tim'rous minde,
Himſelfe he ſhrouds an Ivie-buſh behinde.

By this thoſe Nymphes at fountaine doe arriue,
Their inſtruments they lay apart, and then
Who can their Miſtres firſt deroabe, they ſtriue,
This takes away her roabes, that comes agen.
Thorow the buſh, ſtill *Calanthrop* doth prye,
Their trickes he doth with ſmall content eſpye.

One with a key vnlockes the fountaine gates,
And now the faireſt doth the ſtreame embrace,
Shee warmes the ſpring, the ſpring her heat abates,
Her Iv'rie body doth the fountaine grace.
Shee ioyes to bathe, but *Calanthrop's* afraid,
Poore malcontent he to himſelfe thus ſaid.

Oh heavens (ſaid he) muſt I an *Acteon* prove,
This curſed *Dian* then is every where:
Infort'nate youth, what fatall chance did move
Thee at this time vnto theſe woods repaire.
Remed'leſſe grieves, I finde are moſt obſcure,
What *Fates* decree, we humanes muſt endure.

But oh, if one might poſſibly require,
Or cite thoſe *Fates* to render their account
Before great *Iove*, what matter then in fire
(If once reveng'd) in ſmalleſt aſh be burnt.
But woe (aye me) without controll they ſtill
Diſpoſe of us, we muſt obey their will.

Now there *Megera* and *Alecto* come
For to coact my metamorphoſis,
But ſtay you *Furies*, ſure I will by ſome
Vn-uſuall tricke, you diſappoint in this.
Now with his ſword to rob he doth intend
Himſelfe of life, which ſhould his life defend.

And as the point he presents to his breast,
Take courage wofull *Calanthrop* (said he)
This heart of thine where earst did sorrows rest,
Now at one thrust shall quickly bee made free,
And this braue act shall eternize thy name,
Who death preferres before a living shame.

Mean while that maid, whom he *Megara* thought
Taking her fellow by the hand, did say,
Cousin, by your advice we here are brought,
Lets turne in time lest in these woods we stray:
Or shall we goe and make us pleasant posies,
For here's good store of Violets and Roses.

This their discourse did suddenly denood
Him so of sence, that still hee did surmize
Hee dream'd: for such an vnexpected good
As this, he thought could hardly sympathize
With his thrice more then miserable state,
Which winds with grones, would through the world regrate

By this his bloud begins againe retire,
Yet dare he not allow his eyes their due,
But still he lookes, and looking doth admire,
This happy change he cannot thinke be true,
But to confirme what he before hath seene,
Even him beside vpon a flourie greene,

These wel-fac'd *Furies* who of late dismaid
Him now begin againe to recomfort,
So that his furious enterprize he staid,
And rests content to see them make such sport.
For whilst their Lutes, a Base or Tenour sound,
Their voyce in Alts sweet musicke doe abound.

Though that a man through melancholy mad
Were so ore-gone, that he could not abide
No companie, nor musicke for to glad
His sp'rits, yet such Musitians would assyde
Soone banish grief, & by their heavenly voyce,
The saddest heart that ever was reioyce.

Now one of thoſe, belike, of ſpeciall worth,
Her ſelfe advances, and her voyce doth raiſe,
Her brave intent thus proſecutes ſhee forth,
Which was to ſing vnto her Miſtres praiſe.
The reſt applaud in hearing her rehearſe
This Dittie which herſelfe had put in verſe.

THE DITTIE OF A MAID.

Maieſtick Iuno *iealous was,*
As Io *well did finde,*
Her Cow-heard Argus *ſight ſurpaſſe*
All mens, yet was made blinde.
Through Morpheus *aid, and* Syrinx *note,*
Aſleepe he fell, his charge forgot.

Vulcans *faire wife the wanton plaid*
With moe then Mars, *you know,*
At laſt the Smith her well repaid
For his cornuted blow.
The Cent'nell Gallus *he neglected,*
So Mars *his maſter him reiected.*

Chaſte Dian *iuſtly may be taxt*
Of monſtrous crueltie,
Who for one looke ſo angry waxt
As could indure to ſee.
A man ſo vſde, vnhappy wife
Firſt horn'd the man, then tooke his life.

Ioves *braine-bred daughter, much ador'd*
Of Troians *: made deſcend*
From Heavens Palladium, *which inſtor'd*
them ſtill, and much defend
Their Citie: yet for all her wit
The wylie Greeke removed it.

Theres one whose beautie well may bee
Compared to Ioves Queene,
No enVie, nor no iealousie,
Is, or hath, with her been.
All mortals may her praise proclaime,
LVCILLA is this Ladies name.

Venus was faire, yet had a stain,
Faire Helen had the same,
Into her face a spot some faine:
But such hath not this Dame.
Lucilla's faire, without disgrace,
No inchast spot is in her face.

The Huntresse chaste, might well admit
This Lady of her traine,
No cruell nor no cholerick fit,
Doth in her heart remaine.
She in this gift, her sexe exceeds,
Chaste are her thoughts, her words, her deeds.

If prudent Pallas were on earth,
Her equall should she finde
For solid wit: as for rare birth,
Pallas surpast her kinde.
Yet had Lucilla Troy protected,
No forraine force had them ejected.

Each goddesse for one qualitie,
You see are still extold
Should then not shee, in whom agree
all graces, be inrold
In scrolles of fame? since free from fault,
Let all the earth her thus exalt.

A Iuno lacking iealousie,
A Venus stainlesse faire,
A Dian without crueltie,
For wit a Pallas rare.
Luciila's Vertues shine as cleare,
As Phœbus in his highest spheare.

HER ſong thus ended, preſently one calles,
So they retire their Miſtres to attend.
This maid who cal'd, whereas the Spring devalles
Still ſtaid ſince firſt *Lucilla* did deſcend
Into the Bathe, where ſhe hath ſtaid ſo long,
That they'r afraid, her too much bathing wrong

At her egreſſe, the ſtatues ſeeme to weepe,
For woe that faire *Lucilla* muſt depart,
Which matchleſſe treaſure they wold gladly keep.
Now from their eyes the water drops by art.
Likewiſe the water downe her body trilling,
As loath to part: laſt on her feet ſtands billing.

Till that the Aire, more ſubtill element,
His place doth claime, which yet the water holds,
But now that raine, by *Æols* force halfe ſpent,
Which yet remaines, one in a cloath infolds,
And ſo leaues Aire, & Water, midſt their ſtore,
To trye whoſe intereſt greateſt was before.

Quoth *Neptune*, brother *Æolus*, I may
You iuſtly taxe, of breach of brotherhood,
Who moſt enioyes *Lucilla* night and day,
Not ſo content, with *Veſta* you collude,
Still to prevent her wiſh'd approach to me,
For Brookes and Springs are mine, as is the Sea.

Then *Æole* thus, with boyſtrous voyce reply'd,
Neptune, *Lucilla's* not a fiſh believe,
Nor can with finnes, thy weltring waves divide,
Nor is ſhe Sea-Nymph, therefore do not grieue
She leaue thy home, by nature cold and wet,
By me ſhe liues, though *Veſta's* part were ſet.

Neptune replies, *Lucilla* liues by you?
You'l make her then a Salmond fiſh indeed,
For th' Aire thoſe fiſh ſome ſay their food allow,
And by report they on nought els do feed.
But ſhe's no fiſh, nor fowle, nor bird that ſings,
For as ſhe gills doth lack, ſo doth ſhe wings.

My

My mates (quoth *Veſta*) may not I as well
Some intereſt claime into this louely laſſe,
Since her, and ſuch, for to ſuſtaine I feele
Vpon my wombe the crooked plow oft paſſe,
And ſoript vp, reintegrates with gaine
To *Bacchus* wine, and vnto *Ceres* graine.

Now came *Acmonides* the *Cyclop* ſwift,
And them commands in *Vulcans* name, leaue off
Such friv'lous talke, els by ſome ſuddaine ſhift,
His maſter would them chaſtice: him they ſcoffe,
And bad him tell his maſter, they regard
No whit his meſſage, far leſſe ſuch reward.

For (quoth they) though his region be aboue
Ours plac't, yet doth he beare no rule ore us,
And no ſuperior ſaue the mightie *Ioue*,
Will we acknowledge, alſo tell him thus,
Choler abounds moſt in a furious beaſt,
But in *Lucilla* is his intereſt leaſt.

Yet ſtay (ſaid *Veſta*) let vs not deſpiſe
His pow'r: for, when fooliſh *Phaeton* fell,
I got a hot memento, to be wiſe,
Which yet my ſcorched *Lybia* can tell.
For guiltleſſe I try'd then, his fierie force,
Choler no reaſon yeelds, nor hath remorſe.

And *Æole* likewiſe you'l confeſſe, I hope,
You muſt giue place to *Vulcans* thundring clap;
Neptune likewiſe for all his boundleſſe ſcope,
Is not content ſuch in his boſome wrap,
For ſure the habite of immod'rate heat
Will watry *Tethys* to repine excite.

Now *Vulcans* ſelfe into their hearing roares,
And terribly midſt fierie flames appeares,
Thorow the clowds he in his chariot ſoares,
At ſuch a ſight, the hearts of humans feares.
And now twixt *Æole* and the god of flouds,
He lights, and leaues his Chariot mongſt the clouds,

My

My friends(quoth *Vulcan*) will you play me ſo?
Shall I've no part in faire *Lucilla* here?
In rationall,and ſenſitive you know,
And vegitative creatures,ſtill I beare
A part with you: why then not ſo in this?
Who count before their Hoaſt,they count amiſſe.

But yet you may (perhaps) miſtake mee much,
To dominiere in ſuch,I doe not uſe,
So then I truſt, ſince that my humour's ſuch,
Me as copartner you will not refuſe.
By nature ſhee participates of all
Vs foure: yet t'one muſt ſhe be moſt in thrall.

Let's therefore trye who hath this rule ſupreame,
Veſta ſhall bee disburdned of this charge,
Melancholie in her is not extreame,
Nor yet ſhall he who rules the rivers large.
Beare ſoveraigne rule: ſo let him not conteſt,
For flegme,in age,it ſelfe beſt manifeſt.

Then *Neptune* thus ſpake in a chafing rage,
I hope one *Venus Vulcan* may ſuffice,
Lucilla's wit,her choler doth aſſwage,
Therefore to him doth not belong this prize,
To Aire then yeeld her,as we ought in dutie,
Since Sanguines onely doe poſſeſſe ſuch beautie.

Thus then agreed,*Vulcan* for *Ætna* makes,
Æole doth ſtill 'boye ſea or earth abide,
For hee,you know, a locall manſion lackes,
Neptune returnes,to rule his waters wide:
Veſta prepares herſelfe to give account,
How farre her yearely increaſe doth amount.

BVt now, to faire *Lucilla* muſt I turne,
Whom maids,in rich apparrell,gladly cloath,
Shee homeward tends, whereat the woods doe mourne,
Calanthrop likewiſe, wood and fountaine both
Bids now farewell, and in *Lucilla's* queſt
He goes, which if attaind, he thinkes him bleſt.

Ov't

Ov'r hilles and vales, through meads and dales hee runnes,
No ſteepie mountaine may his paſſage let:
At laſt hee ſees her, and at firſt two Sunnes,
Of which the brighteſt on the earth is ſet.
Hee thinkes he ſees, his obiect him deceives,
Againe hee lookes, a womans face perceives.

But ſuch a face, the earth yeeldes not another,
For matchleſſe beautie, and behaviour brave:
No *Naiad, Driad*, no nor *Cupids* mother,
In lovelineſſe, compare with her may have.
Nature her made in *Venus* mould to ſit,
Amending now, what ſhee did then omit.

LVCILLA HER Deſcription.

Even ſuch ſhe was: Her haires gold-wyre vntwynd
Reſemble right, which careleſſy ſhee hung
In greene ſilke-lace, with ſilver wrought, conſynd
Over her ſhoulders: but her face no tongue
Can giue the due: her brow is Cupids *throne,*
Where hee, vnſeene, delights to ſit alone.

Her eyes like ſparkling ſtarres in froſtie night,
Her noſe even ſuch as lovely Leda *had,*
Her partie-coloured cheekes, grac't with delight,
Like Lillies mixt, with Roſe, in Crymſon clad.
Her lips ſweet Rubie-red, *box-like, incloſe*
Her pearle-like teeth, till ſhe to ſmile diſpoſe.

Her breaſts as white as thoſe two Swannes *which draw*
Venus *by coach, to* Paphos *lovely hold,*
Her hands like hers, Achilles *death fore-ſaw,*
Yet could not brooke the touch of water cold,
For though ſhe dipt the boy the flood beneath,
His heele kept dry, which was in end his death.

Her

Her feet like Thetis *which none can remarke,*
The print therof, even where she newly walkt,
Her pace like Iuno's, *when in* Ida *parke*
With Pallas, *and the Queene of Loue, she talkt.*
In fine, her better Nature *never wrought,*
Her shape can hardly be conceiu'd by thought.

THis rare admir'd sole quintesсence of kinde,
With all her maids, were now come to a place,
Hard by the sea, where as they vse, they finde
Their Bark and Boat-men waiting, but their pace
Hath been so swift, that through great heat even there
They'r forc'd sit downe, to breathe and take the aire.

Now *Calanthrop* approches to be briefe,
For *Cupid* wounded vnawares his heart,
He sees their aime, and sees it to his griefe,
He findes their Barke: this aggravates his smart.
Yet at the Boat-men doth hee now enquire,
If they'l transport him, and receiue his hire.

Whereto they answer, Good sir, please you heare,
This Barke belongs vnto the lovelieſt Dame
That this day liues: who now belike is neare
Vnto this place, and wee her servants came
Her to attend: els willingly we would
Receiue you sir, if any way we could.

My friends (sayd hee) tell me where is your course
If so in friendship I intreat you may:
For it is like that by a briefe discourse
You giue content, and I be pleas'd to stay,
In court'sie sir, so much will wee you show,
To yonder land lyes opposite we goe.

There comes the Lady, so if you acquire
Her owne consent, without reproach wee can
Yeild you content: so left the time expire,
Put forth your suite: for bee assur'd no man
Shall you refuse, to trannsport without wage,
For you're but one, and yonder comes a Page.

This

This Page deliv ers him two letters ſent
By ſome his friends, which doth import great haſte,
Yet 'tis too late: for now his heart was lent
Elſ-where: for his affections all were plac't
In faire *Lucilla*, who her Barke ſtands by,
And now to ent er doth herſelfe apply.

Whilſt Boat-men ſtriue to make their Barke cohere
To land: for their faire Ladies greater eaſe,
A maid comes running, with exceeding feare,
And to her Lady thus ſpake, Madame pleaſe,
I've ſeene a man, or Incubus belike,
And as ſhe ſpake, her breaſt with hand did ſtrike.

Looke how a maid confynd in narrow way,
'Mongſt ſteepie rockes, finding a Dragon ſleep,
How tim'rouſly ſhee'l ſtand: yet no delay
Her frighted heart can brooke, for now to weepe
Doth nought availe: right ſo with feare now fild,
Shee ran away, as though ſhee thought be kild.

But now the Mar'ners to relate begin
Vnto *Lucilla*, how a brave youth ſought
By them to haue tranſport her Barke within,
Take what they pleas'd for hire, he cared nought,
A Gallant braue, a ſtranger we him thinke,
Loe yond er comes he 'longſt the river brinke.

Now *Calanthrop* a thouſand wayes is vext,
Strange cogitations doe him ſo turmoyle,
He cannot ſtay, to goe he is perplext,
Leſt through preſumption he receiue the foyle.
But, goe he muſt, how ere ſhe him repute,
Loue ſo commands, thus doth he her ſalute.

FAireſt on earth, wil't pleaſe you to allow
Me who's a ſtranger for to haue tranſport
Into your comp'nie, I ſolemnly vow,
If you be pleas'd to grace me in ſuch ſort,
In your defence, command ſo when you liſt,
I'le hazard life, and if I dye, I'me bleſt.

For

For know, deare Lady, my adoes are great,
Even ſuch wherein conſiſt my bliſſe or baile,
So, if I ſtay, the *Deſtinies* doe threat
Me with ſuch death, as makes my heart to quaile,
Even ſuch a death, that whilſt I liue, I'le dye,
And though I death deſire, death will me flye.

Therefore ſweete *Nymph*, ſince I haue told you plaine,
Beatifie me, by your generous grant,
So ſhall I ſtill your ſervant true remaine,
Whereof with credite I may iuſtly vaunt,
For ſuch a Miſtreſſe hath no mortall wight,
Gainſt *Mars* himſelfe, I dare maintaine by fight.

Lucilla, all this while attentively
Remarkt his ſpeech, and felt ſhe knew not what,
A more intire reſpect then vſually
She heretofore to any bore, whereat
Aggriev'd, her ſelfe of fondneſſe doth reprove,
For ſhe as yet ne're felt the force of love.

Yet this reſpect ſhe caries to the youth,
I hope, anone, ſhall purchaſe him his fraught,
Now the ſweet Organ of her lovely mouth,
Vtters ſuch words, as might haue *Merc'rie* taught:
Which words, from out Loves lethagrie, awake
Young *Calanthrop*: for thus to him ſhe ſpake.

SVch titles ſir, I you intreat, reſerve
As you give me, for ſome of more deſert,
For, through ſelfe-loue, many from honour ſwerve,
As thoſe report in Nature moſt expert,
And if ambition once the heart ſubdue,
Honour, wit, vertue, bid that heart adiew.

It may be Sir, that you repute this ſtrange,
That vndeſerved, many will aſſume
Prerogatives: and badly doe exchange
Vertue with vice, ſuch is ambitions fume:
Thoſe late repentance, make their plumes decline,
Yet they ne're ſtriue their humours to refine.

Let this ſuffice then, now as to your ſuite
Sir, you ſhall know, that we vſe not permit
Men in our comp'nie, leſt through ſcand'lous bruit
Our ſpotleſſe names in queſtion come, but yet
Thoſe Mar'ners you perhaps eſteeme as men,
Yet are they Eunuchs, though in number ten.

But leſt your loſſe through our default accreſſe,
And we prove guiltie of your overthrow,
We will for this time, our ſtrict vſe repreſſe,
And for your weale, our hazard vndergoe,
Since you're a ſtranger, then in charitie,
We ſhould you aid, if we may lawfully.

For this, *Calanthrop* renders thouſand thankes,
And on his knee offers her hand to kiſſe,
Which ſhe refus'd: now each in their own rankes
Goe boord the Barke: but ô what ioy by this
Doth *Calanthrop* conceive! & now their ſaile
They hoiſe, for why, they have a proſperous gale.

Now, being imbarkt, *Neptune* begins to ioy
That he hath gaind which he of late was reft,
No wrinkling wave vpon his brow t'annoy
Them now is ſeen: no ſwelling ſurge is left
Vpon the *Oceans* face, but like to balme
The ſeas appeare now, through a pleaſant calme.

Lucilla now the ſtranger plac't hard by
Herſelfe: and ſeeing he ſo ſilent ſate,
Smiling, began ſhe to enquire him why
He lookt ſo ſad, or what he cogitate.
Whilſt he ſo ſate into a ſilent muſe,
Whereat aſham'd, himſelfe doth thus excuſe.

MAdam, by nature I'me melancholy,
Yet doe I think by caſuall accident,
This humour much more is infus'd in me,
Which if I could, I gladly would prevent;
But ſo it is, I'me forc't to taſte the ſoure
And bitter ſap, whilſt others ſmell the floure.

For

For know deare ſweet, the *Fates* doe ſo ordaine,
Whilſt others ioy, that I in woe muſt waile,
The blinde-borne Archers ſhaft, I entertaine
My heart within: this makes me looke ſo pale,
And which is worſe, with griefe I pine and mourne,
She loveleſſe lives, mids *Cupids* flames I burne.

And yet in truth, thus farre I muſt confeſſe,
I ſilent grieue, for ſuch I never ſhew
To her directly, neither did adreſſe
My ſelfe to ſute ſuch, for I thought I knew
Already, that I labour would in vaine,
And poure forth plaints to one would me diſdaine.

Yet ſince I ſee that ſilence will redound
To my great loſſe, likewiſe in ſuch a caſe,
It is not requiſite, leſt I confound
My ſelfe, and ſo my fortunes all intrace
In grizely lab'rynth of pale-looking woe,
I'le ſpeake in time, heavens aid me thereinto.

The Mar'ners all this time were ſleeping neere,
And glad to reſt, for they out-waked were.
Lucilla's maids apply'd themſelues to heare
The Page diſcourſe, no longer time deferre
Would *Calanthrop*, but ſince the time ſo ſerves,
Proceedes: yet trembling feare poſſeſt his nerves.

For he was feard the Mar'ners might awake,
Or that the maides might to his ſpeech advert,
He likewiſe feard *Lucilla* faire might take
Exception by his words, and ſo inſert
His name and hopes in ſcrolles of pale reiect,
Yet he reſolues, this ſpeech to her direct.

THrice fairer then the faireſt that doth breath,
Or trampe downe *Tellus* by their harmleſſe foote,
More worth to me then life, do not in wrath
This as preſumption vnto me impute,
That I, ſore loue-ſick, muſt thy pitty crave,
For thou it's onely muſt me kill or ſave.

Thou, whoſe *Idea* in my heart is fixt
So firmly, that no death can it remoue,
Let thy great beautie be with mercie mixt,
Pittie is cal'd the ornament of loue.
Pittie thoſe ſhrowds, diſdaine would whip with roddes,
It's pittie onely, makes vs like to goddes.

Sweet lovely faire, pleaſe you remember right,
When I of you my tranſport did obtaine,
I told you that my ſtay would marre my ſpright,
And through tranſport I ſhould loſt ioy regaine:
So true it is, for ſince you ſhew ſuch grace,
You gave me life by looking in your face.

For ſuch like matter I ne're thought vpon,
As of tranſport, but glad was to conceale
My love, vntill ſuch time as there was none
Hard by, to heare what I to you reveale:
For ſince, ſweete loue, I ſaw you in the wood,
I ſtill eſteem'd you my ſole earthly good.

Even then when you did richly benefite
The colding ſpring, with touch of your faire hide,
The fountaine bathe within, for to repeate
What ioy the whole ſpectators were beſide
Did then conceive, would ſcarcely purchaſe truſt,
But as for me, appeare no way I durſt.

For whilſt I on the fountaine ſtatues gaz'd,
You marcht ſo ſwift with all your lovely bond,
That I, by ſuch great beauties much amaz'd,
Into a buſh, hard by, my ſelfe abſcond,
And all the while you did the bathe inure,
I ſilent ſate with ſmall content I'me ſure.

Cauſe I *Diana* abſolute eſteem'd
You: for ſuch beautie humanes not poſſeſſe,
As you enioy: ſo wiſht I be exeem'd
From ſuch like comp'nie: leſt that ſuch diſtreſſe
Might me befall, as him who wore Harts horne
Firſt on his head, then by his dogges was torne.

But when I ſaw that dangers all were paſt,
And that you were a humane creature,
When you were gone, I follow'd after faſt,
Loves fierie faggots ſo my heart combure,
Such bait gave *Cupid* on a guilded hooke,
I could not ſtay till I you over-tooke.

So now, ſweet heart, ſince opportunitie
Hath made me fort'nate, granting me ſuch time,
My loue t'impart to your ſelfe privatly
Grant me your favour, that amidſt the prime
Of my yong yeares, I may more ioy conceive,
Then *Neſtor* old in all his life did have.

In thy ſweet ſelfe my ſpotleſſe loue's ingraft,
In thee is plac't my ioyes, and whole content,
Let not diſdaine by his faſtidious craft,
Fruſtrate my hopes, nor yet my ioyes prevent.
For Nat'raliſts this maxime oft obſerves,
A lovely face grace in the heart conſerves.

That Oracle which *Delphos* did containe,
Sometime, I hope, was held in ſuch reſpect,
That many did through great expence and paine,
Obtaine reſponſe, whereon they did erect
All their attempts: ſo *Calanthrop* now prayes,
Her anſwer might gree with his hopes alwayes.

Looke how a man for capitall offence,
Being arraign'd, a Iurie doth ſuſtaine,
How pale-fac d feare his heart holds in ſuſpence,
Till from the Iudge his ſentence hee attaine
Of death or life: even ſo doth hee expect
Her anſwer, which will worke the like effect.

But now *Lucilla* for to ſolve the doubt,
Which at this time yong *Calanthrop* ſurpriz'd,
Lifting her eyes, and looking all about,
She lookt on him, which looke might have intyſde
The coldeſt minded Saturniſt had breath,
To loue: and thus her anſwer did bequeath.

Good

GOod Sir, I marvell you ſhould ſo advance
Fond loue ſo farre, ſince wiſe men him deride
Whoſe power's onely fooliſh hearts t'intrance:
Muſt they not ſtray, who haue a blinded guide.
Where *Cupid* reignes, the ſence hee deludes ſoone,
Making them ſee ſtrange viſions in the moone.

Some do report the Gods did once conveene,
A Parliament touching prerogatives,
Then of Ambition Envie hatcht hath beene,
Cupid and *Folly* at debate, ſhee drives
Him back, ſcratcht out his eyes hee might not ſee,
Therefore appointed was his guide to be.

Since ſo it is, good Sir, let me intreate
You to renounce ſuch guides as be thoſe two,
For though the heart with ioy bee full repleate
At firſt by them, yet in the end comes woe,
A prudent minde in vertue exercyſde
Within Loves limits ſeldome is compryſde.

And as for me, fond *Venus* and her boy
I ſcorne, and doe their Deitie ſtill deteſt,
To talk of loue, I think it but a toy,
Lymphatick hearts he onely may moleſt,
Let ſuch adore him, and admire his power,
The higher is their flight, their fal's the lower.

So now ſhee calls her maids, and bids them goe
Awake the Mar'ners, for ſhe ſees the ſhore
Is neere hand by them, likewiſe there is moe
Billowes appeare, nor was ſeene heretofore.
The mar'ners riſe, they tackle, veere and tye,
They gaine the land, ſo *Neptune* they defye.

Her coach is waiting her approach: ſo now
She and her maids incoach themſelves with ſpeed,
They bid farewell to *Calanthrop*, and bow
Themſelues in coach: his griefe doth now exceed
All mens on earth: yea, it may haue compare
To thoſe who in the *Stygian* ſhades repaire.

Not *Syſiphus*, who roules the reſtleſſe ſtone,
Nor *Ixion*, who turnes the toylſome wheele,
Such griefe poſſeſſe as he: ſince ſhe is gone,
Whoſe beauteous preſence was his ſafties ſeale,
Nor *Beliles*, who midſt infernall fire,
To fill ſtill emptying buckets, doe deſire.

No nor *Prometheus*, for his heaven-fire ſtealth,
By vultures torne alive, midſt fierie flame,
Nor *Midas* King, whoſe cov'tous heart ſuch wealth
Requir'd, as thereby loſt both ſence and frame,
No greater griefe doth any of thoſe trye,
Diſdaine yeelds heate his harmleſſe heart doth frye.

Still ſtarving *Tantalus*, to quench his thirſt,
Standing in water, water craves to drinke,
To pull the flying fruite, he doth inſiſt,
The fruit eſchew, the waters from him ſhrinke,
His babling tongue iuſtly his paine procur'd,
But *Calanthrop* is guiltleſly iniur'd.

While *Calanthrop* with grief was thus or'e-ſwaid
His Page ſuggeſteth, that it were the beſt
To give the Mar'ners coine, who as yet ſtaid,
Belike, expecting ſome: the which requeſt
He ſoone fulfild, bidding him giue a crowne
To each of them, wherat the Page did frowne.

Yet ne'retheleſſe he muſt this charge obay,
Therefore he went and cald them for to row
Their ſhips boat, which they did without delay,
On each of ten a crowne he did beſtow.
They yeeld him thanks, requeſting him in end,
Their ſervice to his maſter recommend.

He ſaid he would, then to a wood hard by
Directs his courſe, which way his maſter went,
When he had walkt a while, he ſaw him lye
Mongſt loftie Pynes, famous for high aſcent,
Calanthrop bids him with what haſt he might
Some where about provide their Innes that night.

As he directs, the Page away doth paſſe,
Yet knew not where this Innes hee ſhould provide
At laſt by chance hee meetes a countrey Laſſe,
Who ſhew him that the way longſt the wood ſide
Was beſt for him: for by yond flowrie ſpring,
Hee'l finde a way to citie will him bring.

Even this ſame time doth *Calanthrop* bewaile
His hard miſhaps the *Deſtenies* decree,
Even thus I ſee ſuch *Fortune's* favours fraile,
What gain'd by month, doth in a moment flee.
(O happy I) if I had never prov'd
The ſad effects, affection hath mov'd.

So you ſweet Cedars, and you high-rear'd Pines,
I you intreat ſubvmbrate me by ſhade,
From mortall eyes, leſt ſpitefull worldlings mindes
In ioy triumph, to ſee my ſucceſſe bad.
No, let the earth alive my corpes interre,
Rather then *Fortune*, thus my ioyes deferre.

Whilſt *Calanthrop* through griefe bereft of ſenſe,
Thus tumbles, toſſes, welters here and there,
He ſees a man, now for his beſt defence
He ſeekes his ſword, yet found he it no where.
The man ſalutes him in this courteous forme,
Which wrought in him a calm after this ſtorm.

GOod gentleman, pleaſe you, came there this way
Of late ſome Huntſmen, chaſing of a Deere?
Or did you heare the ſhrill-mouth'd hounds, at bay
With fearleſſe Boare, or with the cruſhing Beare?
For from a thicket diſtant ſcarce a mile,
Wee rouz'd a Beare, whom we try to exile.

This hurtfull Beare doth much vnlookt for harme,
In killing men and women, children weake,
His bad embracement raiſd a ſad alarme
Into a neighb'ring Caſtle, by a Lake.
Lowring he lies mongſt brambles, briers and buſhes,
Waiting his prey: which got, he teares and cruſhes.

Miſfortune

Misfortune great, a youth ſome twelue yeares old,
A Couſin to *Lucilla* (beauteous creature)
This proper youth (aye me) leſſe wiſe then bold,
Belov'd of all, and of a comely feature,
One day would needs himſelfe, by times ſolace,
With horſe & hounds to keep the Beare in chaſe.

But he a little from his comp'nie ſingled,
The Div'liſh beaſt perceiving him alone,
Deſpaire with chol'rick furie intermingled
Begot in him revenge, ſo that anone,
Running amaine, he puld the youth at vnder,
Then (vnreſiſted) tore his ioynts aſunder.

And ever ſince the Duke with many knights,
Try by all meanes, this cruell beaſt to kill,
Or elſe expell, but hee almoſt affrights
All his purſuers: for his lookes doe fill
Their hearts with fear, that they encounter dare
No way, but glad to view the chaſe a farre.

But yet the Duke appointed hath a day,
And letters ſent to all his bordering mates,
Them in his aid, requeſting to aſſay
Their valorous force, ſo men of all eſtates,
Are lookt for here, gainſt Tueſday next at morn,
To chaſe the Beare with horſe, with hound, with horne.

This preſent day, ſome gallants brave to try,
Which was the place of his foule reſidence,
Came to this forreſt, and of late went by
To yonder grove, diſturb'd his patience.
Rouſd the foule monſter from his loathſome cave,
Like Martialiſts, to rob his life they crave.

And ſince that I am in thoſe woods acquaint,
For long time I thereof haue keeper been,
They my advice requir'd e're they attaint
This enterpriſe: but now I have not ſeene
Nor heard of them this houre agoe and more,
And this makes me inquiſitiue therefore.

In truth good friend (quoth *Calanthrop*) be ſure
If I had ſeen ſuch, I would likewiſe goe
And trye the ſport: for it ſhould much allure
The hearts of yong'men, to be baited ſo,
Therefore let me intreat you to repoſe
Your ſelfe beſide me, and that tale diſcloſe.

Touching the Duke, and that ſame youth was kild,
The faire *Lucilla* likewiſe would I know,
And where ſhe lives, that ſo the earth hath fild
With ſtrange reports, for oft-times many moe
Then you, haue told me of this Ladies favour,
But ſtill I thought their ſpeech did amply ſavour

I cannot think her ſuch as they report,
Or that her beautie can ſo farre excell
All other womens: ſo I you exhort,
Let your relation beare a truſtfull ſmell,
For truth to heavens with ſacred wings doth flye,
While heaven and earth abhorre ſtill thoſe who lye.

Beleeve me Sir, I'me glad that yee haue told
Me ſuch good tale, for now I well perceive
You doe deſire that I the truth vnfold,
The which diſcourſe moſt truely you ſhall haue:
For I ſhall you acquaint with all the ſtate,
So now give eare whilſt I the ſame relate.

THE FORRESTER HIS RELATION.

LOng after that the valʼrous Greeks *had leveld with the ground*
The ſtately walles of Ilium, *&* Priams *race confound,*
For rapt of Menelaus *wife, even then of happy* Greece,
The Diadem was rightly ſwayd, the ſcepter ruld in peace,
By Princes of its Provinces, who all as in one minde
Moſt vertuouſly for publick weale, aptly themſelves combynd.

This time Theſſalia's *peaceſull reigne, made pleaſant* Tempe *ſmile*
Two-topt Pernaſſe *and* Helicon, *the* Muſes *haunt this while.*
The ſpring was wrought by Pegaſus *the winged horſe his hove,*
Thoſe thrice three ſiſters ſacred ſelves were knowne about to moue.
The Nymphs with fair diſheueld haire, then tript the flowrie meads,
The harmles flocks through vales & dales, & mountains ſafly feeds.
The skipping Satyrs *midſt the groues, longſt ſilver brooks did play,*
The countrey maids in rurall games to gaine the praiſe eſſay.
Even then did prudent Philagath *ouer* Theſſalia *reigne,*
A man whom Fates *and* Fortune *both, more favourd than a king.*
For by his birth he honoured was, through royall right diſcent,
Of many Kings of Theſſaly, *as hiſtories comment.*
His grandour purchaſt great reſpect, his iuſtice made men feare,
His clemencie made him belou'd, of all his name did heare.
And Nature *in ſucceſsion would him alſo happy make,*
In giuing him a ſonne which ſhould (when as he pleaſd forſake)
The Scepter, rule in fathers ſtead, his countries all defend
From forraine force, if any to inuade the ſame intend.
A comely girle he alſo had, who as ſhee grew in yeares,
Her beautie then not paraleld, more lovely ſtill appeares.
Her beautie great, fame blaz'd abroad, in regions round about,
Tea, it I thinke, was publiſhed, almoſt the world throughout.
So from all countries ſuiters did, to Theſſaly *reſort,*
Where they themſelues might recreate in each deſired ſport.
But all their aimes was to attaine, the Ladies wiſht conſent,
Yet all in vaine, for ſtill they did returne moſt malcontent.
Yet at the laſt, as Fortune *would not haue her dye a maide,*
The Duke of rich Calabria *himſelfe there ſoone conuayde,*
And in ſhort time ſuch ſucceſſe had, as he acquir'd her loue
In honeſt forme, and ſo they matcht, which afterwards did proue
To both their goods, and hearts content, for in a twelue months ſpace
She bore to him a gallant girle, which had an Angels face.
This girle was nam'd Lucilla *faire, as iuſtly ſhe may bee,*
The faireſt Lady now aliue, inricht moſt plenteouſlie
With rareſt gifts, and graces good, that mortals doe enioy,
The Gods likewiſe in one aſſent, ſtill ſhield her from annoy.
But now the Duke her father did, conceiue ſo great delight,
In his new match, and daughter faire, he ev'rie day or night,
Eſteem'd a yeare till he returnd with this his beauteous prize,
Towards his countrey, for all Greece, *his ſucceſſe did deſpiſe.*

So

So heetooke leaue of Philagath, the King of Thessaly,
Then homewards hasted with his wife, and all his companie:
At home he led a ioyfull life, sequestrate from all care,
Till enuious Fortune griev'd thereat, inraged through despaire,
Would make him taste the bitter gall, of her satyrick frowne,
And make him know the sun-shine of her fauours, were ore-blowne.
Not fully liv'd he sixe yeares space, with his beloued wife, (life.
When Philagath through sicknes great, was thought should loose his
Those newes, I thinke, bad musick sound, into the Dutchesse eare,
Now were her senses all apal'd, by sudaine pale-fac't feare.
Yet she resolves to visite him, as she in dutie should,
The Duke doth striue her to disswade, but yet no way hee could.
Away she goes for Thessaly, with all her lovely traine
Of gallant Knights, and Ladies faire, she hastes ore hill & plain.
Through diligence she doth attaine, her wished iourneyes end,
Even as some wearie Pilgrime doth, who feeble foot-steps spend
In superstitious pilgrimage, before some kinsmans death:
Right so she hastes, as though shee could, preserue her fathers breath.
But so it is, death doth prevent, too oft what we desire,
And our moist nature doth combure, with flames of fatall fire.
For ere the Dutchesse could attaine, her loving fathers sight,
Remorseless Death (vnwelcome guest) forc't him forgoe his sp'right.
Then with great shouts she pierced oft the azur'd welkin faire,
And clouds with eechoes did resound, her plaints throgh emptie aire
Yet forc't she must haue patience, mournings doe nought availe,
For Death with equall pace, both Prince, & poore-man doth assaile.
So she, with griefe, her last leaue takes, of Thessaly with teares,
And her owne brothers eldest sonne, along with her she beares.
Home to her owne Calabria shee & her comp'nie goe,
From their sad harts the speach-like groanes still seem'd to vtter woe
Thorow Epyrus lay their way, where they one night did rest.
But, on the morrow, Phœbus beames them scorchingly oppresst.
So that vnto a wood they seek, to taste some cooling shade,
A forrest faire they found hardby, wherof they all were glad.
With speedie pace they thither went, but better they had staid.
For they had not long soiourn'd there, when they were all afraid.
The Sauages those woods did haunt, them furiously assault,
The knights again, wth murdring swords, sharply correct that fault.
In little space those wild men were, forc't to a sad retreat,
Some kild, some fled, some howlingly, bad successes repeat.

The

The Dutcheſſe glad of victory, intends now to depart,
Yet e're ſhe goe, ſhe muſt endure, ineuitable ſmart.
For as the Knights the Dutcheſſe ſought, vnto her coach to bring,
A monſtrous Scorpion lurkt hard by, her pittionſly did ſting,
Then to the hold returnes againe, a foot-groome it preuent,
And with a Sable it diuides, ſo fruſtrates its intent,
The Dutcheſſe Surgeon by his balme, and vnguents tryes his skill,
His Teriack nor his Mithridate, cannot the venome kill,
His antipoyſons haue no force, no nor his Vipers oyle,
Doe what he can, the venome ſtrong, the Lady's like to ſpoyle.
Her grieuous pain doth ſtil increaſe, her wound grows worſe & worſe
No cordiall nor no cataplaſme, againſt the ſting haue force,
With ſad and wofull hearts her guard, doe carie her along,
Gainſt Fates & Fortune *they exclaime for this opprobrious wrong,*
If poyſnous heat made her a thirſt, or did the heauens ordaine,
Her preſent ayd, no man can tell, but ſhe could not ſuſtaine
Such thirſt: therefore ſhe cald a groome, and bids him goe and finde
Some colding ſpring, that ſhe might eaſe her hart, with heat was pynd
He goes and findes a purling brooke, then quickly turnes againe,
Thereof ſhe drinkes, and ſtill ſhe thinkes, the leſſer growes her paine.
Now from her coach ſhe doth diſmount, (ô admirable thing)
The paine and poyſon both decreaſe, by drinking of the ſpring.
Her knights and guard goe both apart, her Ladies bathe her wound,
Throgh bathing with the helthful ſpring the Dutches is made ſound.
With humble & with thankfull hearts they praiſe the gods therfore,
Who did ſo ſoone mirac'louſly, their Ladies health reſtore.
Then to a village bordring neere, ſhe and her comp'nie went,
But e're they could the ſame approach, the day was nere hand ſpent.
For midſt the way they find a man, whoſe cloathes were old & worn,
He ſeem'd to be of poore eſtate, & yet by countrey-borne,
The Dutcheſſe askd him, how they cald this countrey, & the wood,
And how they cald the happy ſpring, that yeelded her ſuch good.
This countrey is Epyrus *cald (quoth hee) where we are plac't,*
Hazardfull forreſts of Epyre *be thoſe, you lately trac't,*
The brook is cald the healthfull ſpring, *through* Grecia *flies its fame,*
Of each of thoſe (faire Ladie know) this is the proper name.
Thoſe forreſts be cald hazardfull, cauſe many one of old
And likewiſe now, ſtrange accidents in them finde manifold.
The brooke is cald the healthfull ſpring, *as well it may indeed,*
Gainſt poyſon, venom-cankring ſores, a ſoueraigne try'd remeede.

The

The man takes leave, they forward went, vnto the Village right,
Next morning on their iourney goe, how soone the day was light.
Then in few dayes to this her home, the Dutcheſſe quickly came,
This countrey her Calabria, it is the very ſame.
What then it was, ſo is it now, not ſubiect to decay,
No forraine force, nor homebred iarres, its indwellers diſmay.
When that the Dutcheſſe liu'd here home, a while with eaſeful mind
And former ſorrowes all were paſt, as loath to proue vnkinde.
She cauſed skild Artificers, erect (to her great charge)
Of marble black, & Alabaſt, a fountaine high & large.
Like to a ſtately Pyramis, the healthfull ſpring aboue,
Left any of ingratitude, her iuſtly might reproue.
In memorie of benefite ſhe once did there receiue,
Expert Mechanicks ſhee cauſd ſearch, could rightly cut and graue.
Through dext'rous cunning theſe adorn'd the happy healthful foun
With Emblemes fram'd of Alabaſt, and marble of the mount.
Of yeares, two luſters ſcarce were ſpent, after this work was done,
When ſhe citations had from death, ſo had her brothers ſonne.
The Dutcheſſe did the gods implore, that they the youth would ſpa
And pittie him of tender yeares, and expectation rare.
Theſſalia's hope, his mothers ioy, ſole comfort of his Syre,
For doubtleſſy if now he dy'd, their liues would then expyre.
As for her ſelfe ſhe was reſolu'd, Deaths meſſage to obey,
And that ne're-yet remitted debt, ſhe's willing to repay.
It ſeem'd the gods did grant her ſuite, the boy did conualeſſe,
But ſhe (ſweet Lady) found deaths force, her vitall ſp'rites diſtreſſe.
Then cald ſhe for her loue, & Lord, whoſe groanes proclaim'd his
And for her laſſe Lucilla fair, in whom true beauty liues. (grieues
Deare Lord & loue (quoth ſhe) I finde that we muſt parted bee,
The loyall loue I to thee beare, doth make me loath to dye.
Heauens, Fates, & Death, doe all decree, my glaſſe of life bee runne,
And Atropos now cuts the threed which Lacheſis once ſpun.
So hence I muſt (ô deare ſweete loue) I pray thee doe not weepe,
For ſure my ſp'rite midſt higheſt heauens, the ſacred gods will keepe.
Lucilla deare, thy mothers ioy, come to thy dying Dame,
As Heauens & Nature thee inricht with beauties braueſt frame,
Heauens graunt that thou doe vſe it well, to thy immortall praiſe,
Liue chaſtly, yet ſelfe-loue abhorre, pride breeds contempt alwayes.
This one thing doe I thee intreate, in memorie of me,
Goe thrice a yeare & view the ſpring thy mother did ſupplie.

When

When phyſicke, nor no ſimples could, the Genome ſtrong expell,
The water of the healthfull ſpring, in power did precell.
Therefore three times a yeare doe view, that ſpring by conſuetude,
And mother-like (what beaſts deteſts) abhorre ingratitude.
Thus ſaid, her happy ſp'rite ſhe yeelds, which to eternall ioy
Numberles numbers powers di vine, inviſibly convoy.
Her funerals once ſolemniz'd, then doth Lucilla faire,
In ſable robes of mourning black, with maids ſo clad, prepare
To goe and view the healthfull ſpring, and there bewaile her loſſe,
And mothers death, whoſe memorie, giues her continuall croſſe.
Since ſhe is thus determined, her father likewiſe ſend
Shadowes of men (Eunuches I meane) as guardians her t'attend.
Thoſe likewiſe ſerue as mariners, to rule her bark by ſea,
Accompanied by thoſe, and mayds, ſhe doth continually
Thrice yearly goe and view that ſpring, a day or two they mourne,
Their regrates being finiſhed, againe they here returne.
Her father, though he haue no ſonne, for to ſucceed his place,
Loues her ſo well, hee will not wed againe in any caſe.
Yet though he loue her, he ore-lookes her with a prying eye,
Loue hatcheth care, which care begets reſpectiue Iealouſie.
The iealous Syre of daughters good, doth make her liue retyrd,
For which himſelfe of ſtrangers is, ridic'louſly admyrd.
Lucilla, ſince her mother dy'd, is forc't to liue apart
From company of any man, which ſure muſt grieue her heart.
For ſaue thoſe Eunuchs, & thoſe maids, who ſerue her night & day,
And her own Syre, the aged Duke, none elſe approach her may.
Many a Prince, and gallant Knight, doe her in mariage crave,
But through her fathers perſwaſiues, ſhe none at all will haue.
And for to try to ſpeake herſelfe, it's folly, there's no meane
She is ſo warelie look't vnto, none can ſuch good attaine.
This aged Duke, and his faire Laſſe, dwell neere within fixe mile,
Where they in divers ſports delight, to poſting time beguile.
A caſtle ſituate by a lake, in it doe they abide,
From thence they ſee both woods & meads, & ſhips at anchor ride.
Even from this Caſtle of the Dukes, about a fourthnight ſince,
In companie of other knights, went the Theſſalian Prince,
Betimes they riſe, and winde their hornes, not fearing any foe,
Through deſart woods, & vnknowne paths, they all a hunting goe.
But whilſt the reſt their horſes mount, the Prince his horſe refuſes,
Him to receiue, yet would the youth, admit no ſuch excuſes.

Twice

Twice more then thrice the horſe would not, permit the Prince him
Prodigious preſage which foreſhews the riders ſpeedy wrack. (back,
Hard by the lake there haunts a Beare, a monſter for a beaſt,
Who by the ſpace of thirtie yeares, thoſe woods did haunt at leaſt.
This beaſt mongſt brakes & pricklie thornes, all day ſtill lurking lay,
And when dark night black mantle ſpred, then went to ſeek his pray.
The night preceeding he had ſtraid, abroad to ſeek his food, (blood.
His late trac't ſteps (though not by ſent) *might well bee knowne by*
There did the hounds, by fatall chance, finde out the recent ſent.
With librall mouths againſt the clouds, their voice they largely ſpent
This quick approach ſoon rouſde the Beare from out his lothed hold,
The hounds giue chalenge, he againe, giues them encounter bold.
Now huntſmen came, whereat the hounds with courage freſh begin
A new purſute, yet none ſo bold, as once to tooth his skin.
The knights with darts the Beare ſo wound, that void of all remorſe
This deſp'rate beaſt (*afflicted thus*) *the yong Prince did vnhorſe.*
Their darts are ſpent, no ſhot they haue, ſo all their helpe is vaine,
Maugre them all, before their eyes, Theſſalia's *Prince is ſlaine.*
A ſteepie rock conteines a caue, the Beare long vſd before,
Thither went he (*with dogges conuoy*) *of him they ſaw no more.*
Huntſmen with ſad and ſorie hearts, their cloathes they all to rent,
Home with the corps they ſadly moue, this hunting they repent.
But when the Duke this obiect ſaw (*a wofull one indeed*)
He and Lucilla *all the reſt, in ſorrow did exceed,*
Helpleſſe is their exceſſiue griefe, though nat'rall bee their mone,
Nature *to life can nere reſtore, whom death hath once vndone.*
But yet the Duke makes narrow ſearch to guerdon the offender,
And ſtill the Beare for this his paines, bad thanks again doth render.
For whom the beaſt conueens withall, may hee preuaile with rage,
Them makes he ſmart, without reſpect, of perſon, ſexe, or age.
So this abuſe hath cauſd the Duke, ſtil hoping for amends,
Him to aſſiſt to kill the Beare, intreat his neighbouring friends.
And as I ſhew you we expect them next enſuing weeke.
So this is all concerning this, I know, or yet can ſpeake.
Yet this I'me ſure, ſome gallants will fearleſly try their ſtrength,
And for their loues couragiouſly abbreviate the length
Of their ſtrong launce, into the Beare, if they may him conueene,
Not caring for his cruſh, or bite, his choler, rage, or ſpleene.
But now me thinks I heare a horne, therefore muſt I bee gone,
So, pray you ſir, apardon me, for leauing you alone.

Farewell

Farewell my friend, quoth Calanthrop, *good ſucceſſe ſtill enioy,*
I ſhall not ſtay here long alone, for yonder comes my boy,
This rare Diſcourſe of yours, hath me affoorded ſuch content,
That if hereafter we conveene, you'ſ thinke this time well ſpent.

THE Forreſter thus gone, now comes the Lad,
And tells his maſter that he had prepar'd
An Inne: but (quoth he) I good fortune had,
Elſe mongſt thoſe woods I doubtleſſe had been ſnar'd,
A wench I found, which did direct mee right,
The gaineſt way vnto the Cities ſight.

A ſtately Citie it appeares to me,
A goodly Inne, where you may be well eaſd,
The merrieſt man that ever I did ſee,
Is that your Hoaſt, Sir if you ſo be pleaſd.
Wel grounded walls, high, large, & paſſing ſtrong
The Citie guard from iniurie or wrong,

Many braue Knights perambulate the ſtreete,
Who come to hunt, as Citizens report,
Some rav'nous beaſt, who badly doth intreat
The countrey people: ſo that to be ſhort,
Each man provides him horſe, and hounds, and lance,
Againſt the hunts, his honour to advance.

By this diſcourſe now *Calanthrop* did finde
That all was true the Forreſter diſcloſd,
Still doth the Page, according to his minde,
Solve all demands his maſter him propoſd.
Now came they to the Cities Eaſterne wall,
Found patent gates, ſuch fortune did befall.

Then went they to their Inne the ready way,
They ſupt, and then betooke them to their reſt,
Next morning early, by the breake of day,
Calanthrop cald his Page, to him expreſt
Some part his mind, gives crowns, & bids him goe
Buy horſe and lance, apparell black alſo.

The Page did ſhortly his deſire fulfill,
Returnd and ſhew him all that he had done,
Each thing contented him ſo to his will,
Next morning he intends for to be gone,
And view the hunts, the Duke and Knights condigne,
For hunting ſport that day did all aſſigne.

When day appear'd, each man to palace ſought,
The Duke t'attend, yet *Calanthrop* abode
Still with his hoaſt, till all were gone, then thought
He beſt to goe: ſo to the wood he rode,
His courteous hoaſt did him ſuch favour yeild,
As to conduct him to the hunting field.

But e're they came, the game was well begun
So they retyr'd, expecting the event,
Vnto a ſhade, bright *Phœbus* beames to ſhun,
Now doth the Beare boldly himſelfe preſent,
He (fearleſſe beaſt) 'ginnes ſuch encounter give,
His tuskes and pawes both hounds and huntſmen grieve.

At this the Knights ſeeme all to be aſham'd,
To kill the Beare they all at once conſpire,
But this deſigne is worthy to be blam'd,
He who intends true honour to acquyre,
His foe with equall number ſhould aſſaile,
Then merits praiſe, if he doe ſo prevaile.

Yet notwithſtanding of their multitude,
The Beare perſwades them to a ſham'd retreite,
Many brave Knight he of their armes denude,
Which ſight did val'rous *Calanthrop* incite,
For ſeeing how each Knight did court'ſie ſtraine
Who firſt ſhould try himſelfe, the Beare againe.

Heroick hee, impatient of delay,
On his black Courſer, from the thicket ruſhes,
The beaſt inrag'd, him meetes in middle way,
In his thick hide the lance in peeces fruſhes,
Yet for all that, meane while the Knight diſmounts,
The Beare a trick him taught next time he hunts.

For

For ere the Knight could well vnſheath his ſword,
The Beare him wounds a little on the arme,
But now the gallant quickly him affoord
Due recompence for his intended harme,
Floriſht his ſword aloft, then with a thruſt,
He mindes to puniſh crueltie vniuſt.

The beaſt perceives his aime, in this hard caſe,
By ſhift of body doth the thruſt avoyd,
And for this kindneſſe offers him t'imbrace,
The Knight could not ſuch demonſtrations bide:
But ſenſibly he made the Beare to know
Come was the time, he muſt his life forgoe.

With ore-thwart ſtroke bravely the Knight divides
The Beares left legge, largely two yards and more
Full from the other: Intrals through his ſides
Fall out amaine: now in his bloody goare
The beaſt lies kild by *Calanthrops* brave hand,
Whereat amaz'd the whole ſpectators ſtand.

Calanthrop quickly now remounts his Steed,
Haſtes to the place where he had left his hoaſt,
The Duke and Knights admire this noble deed,
Though none of them thereof may iuſtly boaſt,
Therefore the Duke ſends to requeſt the Knight
To come receive the honour of the fight.

But *Calanthrop* not willing bee cognoſt,
Himſelfe before the meſſage came, abſented,
Such loue-ſick thoughts his minde ſo ever croſt,
That ſmothred groanes his hearthad almoſt rented.
Yet fore't content he bears moſt patientlie,
To Citie went his Hoaſt, his Page, and hee.

Where we muſt leaue them for a little ſpace,
To ſhew you what content the Duke conceiv'd
By this dayes ſport: but yet the great diſgrace
His Knights had got: iuſtly no pardon crav'd,
Sham'd to confeſſe, yet reaſon them conſtraind
An vnknowne Knight, not they, the honour gain'd.

Moſt

Moſt glad in heart, the Duke haſtes to his home,
With many Knights, diſcourſing on this ſport,
They all yeeld praiſe to one, they know not whom,
The Beare his death did each of them comfort,
Yet envious ſp'rites ſtill ſecret malice ludge,
At ſtout mens ſucceſſe baſe mindes oft doe grudge.

For the good Duke to glad his gueſts withall,
When he came home, cauſd his faire laſſe be brought
To ſup with them: to minde he then doth call,
The val'rous act one knight that day had wrought,
Then to *Lucilla* told in pleaſant words,
In audience of Knights, Princes, Earles and Lords.

How that an vnknowne Knight the Beare did kill,
For after (quoth he) we had rouz'd the beaſt,
The tim'rous hounds at bay did keepe him ſtill,
Many were hurt, glad to retire, at leaſt
They ſeem'd vnwilling any more to try,
Wherein the Beares defence and ſtrength did lye.

But while as yet each knight with other ſtrove,
Who firſt ſhould dare him to encounter new,
There came a knight from an adiacent grove,
His horſe, lance, clothes, were of a pale-black hew,
The Beare in mid-way meets him on the plaines,
As loath to put a ſtranger to great paines.

With an vnformall welcome doth him greet,
Yet on his breaſt the lance doth ſplit aſunder,
But e're the knight on ground could fixe his feet,
The Beare got vp, though he was once at vnder,
Then e're the knight could halfe his ſword vnſheath,
He runnes to him belike, to begge his death.

Which ſuit the knight ſeem'd willing to obey,
For at one ſtroke he did the Beare ſo wound,
The griefe thereof his body did o're-ſway,
Foure-feet thereafter ſet he ne're on ground,
One of his legges the knight quite off did cut,
Then in the ſheath his noble ſword he put.

Then on his horſe he quickly did returne
To that ſame grove, from which of late he came,
Thither where we thought he did then ſoiourne,
I ſent three Lords for to enquire his name,
Deſiring him to come where we expected,
Him who ſo had our countries weale protected.

But he was gone before they could attaine
The very grove which we had ſeene him enter,
Not willing to be knowne, he did preveene,
Their comming: yet his life for vs did venter.
Then ſince they could not finde him any where,
We all thought beſt home to this place repaire.

Thus, daughter, haue you heard the very truth
Of our dayes ſport, directly as it was
Acted, by that brave magnanimick youth,
Chaſtiz'd the monſter for his vile treſpaſſe:
He, for our ſafetie, and our publick good,
Life hazard, honour gaind, yet ſpent his blood.

Sir (quoth *Lucilla*) give me leave to ſpeake,
This act, me thinkes, precels the labours twell
Of that brave worthy martiall minded *Greeke*,
Who drag'd three-headed *Cerberus*, from hell,
He that kild *Hector* midſt the campe of *Greece*,
Or hee who gaind Ile *Colchis* golden fleece.

When *Hercules* to fetch his wife did goe,
Infernal *Phaſma's* made his courage droupe,
Achilles at advantage ſtrooke his foe,
Whilſt hee to rob dead *Patroclus* did ſtoupe,
Medea's magick gain'd the fleece of gold,
For *Iaſons* love ſhe fathers theſaure ſold.

Likewiſe the *Argonauts* both laſt and firſt
Did aid Duke *Æſons* ſonne in his purſute,
Oeta's foes did bravely him aſſiſt,
Orithia's ſonnes to aid them proſecute,
Wing'd *Calais*, and *Zethes* thither flew,
In their returne the *Harpyes* they ſubdue.

Deſire

Deſire of gaine did *Iaſon* moſt intyſe,
Neceſſitie, the other two did move,
For *Herc'les* muſt forgoe his enterpryſe,
Elſe fight the dogge, *Achilles* too muſt prove
Himſelfe a Coward, if hee miſſe the ſtroke,
But no ſuch matter did this knight provoke.

No greed of gaine, nor yet neceſſitie
Did move this gallant enterpriſe this deed,
True honour did his minde moſt qualifie,
He likewiſe ſaw this countrey ſtood in need
Of ſpeedie ayd, ſo for our publick weale,
Vnarmd alone, he did the Beare appeale.

And, praiſe to *Iove*, hee happy victor prov'd,
Deare father therefore whatſoe're he be,
Of yong and old he ever ſhould be lov'd,
Of rich and poore, of each ſexe and degree,
To him erect then, ſtately Trophies rare,
Who for our ſafeties would his life not ſpare.

Though all the min'rals earth containes, were ſwords,
And all tooke life were men to vſe them well,
If *Calanthrop*, I thinke, had heard her words,
(Being ſo ſet on top of *Fortunes* wheele)
Hee would gain-ſtand them all in open plaine,
Though *Hydra*-like they two-fold liv'd againe.

But while *Lucilla* did *Calanthrop* praiſe,
One *Philotomp* much to her ſpeech adverts,
His name, his naughtie humour ſtill bewrayes,
This knight in heart the Ladies words inſerts:
For fretting *Envie*, humour monſtrous ſtrange,
Mov'd him, was no way wrong'd, to ſeeke revenge.

For *Philotomp*, that proud oſtentive man,
Made ſearch to know where the knight did remaine,
Fully reſolv'd to kill him if hee can,
Naughtie deſignes are bred in baſeſt braine,
So in dark night he went vnto the Citie,
With heart bent to revenge, and void of pittie.

Some ſay that *Philotomp* right much affected
The faire *Lucilla*, and this was the cauſe,
He hates the knight, doubting to bee reiected,
His rivall humour could admit no pauſe,
Lucilla's ſpeech he though had ſavour kinde,
Towards the knight, which did moleſt his minde.

Now in the Citie, at the time of reſt,
Some knave convayd him to the knight his Inne,
So he and ſixe well arm'd with him, addreſt
Them to the houſe: now doth the fight beginne,
Calanthrop and his boy did well aſſwage
Philotomps choler, and his vniuſt rage.

Yea *Calanthrop* alone ſo farre prevaild,
His martiall page defending ſtill his backe,
That in ſhort time thoſe ſeven who him aſſaild,
Through his brave hand were brought to ſudaine wracke,
Foure of them kild he, two like Cowards fled,
Philotomp captive made, his bloud not ſhed.

The Burgers hearing the vp-rore, conveene,
And both the parties doe incarcerate,
But yet in Iayle not willing to detaine
Such perſons long, leſt they extenuate,
Their libertie: therefore they now intend,
Vnto the Duke, to know his will, to ſend.

Their Meſſenger doth to the Duke dilate
The very forme of this bad accident,
And how the vnknowne knight his hard eſtate
Was much bewaild, when he to iayle was ſent.
For what he did, was in his owne defence,
But no man knew knight *Philotomps* pretence.

How ſoone the Duke had heard him to an end,
To horſe he went, with many gallant Lord,
Each one to heare, their itching eares did lend,
What the event ſhould be of this diſcord,
Wiſhing the Duke might expiate his ire,
Each Lord and knight him humbly did deſire.

But now the Maior and the Burgers meet
The Duke: then to their iuſtice hall convoy
Him, with great pompe, alongſt their Cities ſtreet,
Each one was glad his preſence to enioy,
In each adoe, though iuſtice he preferd,
The tryall he to witneſſes referd.

In this adoe there was no need of ſuch,
For *Philotomp* became ſo penitent,
That he (vnto his ſhame) confeſt thus much,
(Requeſting them to haſte his puniſhment)
Againſt all reaſon, I ſought to confound
This knight, which now hath to my ſhame redound.

Well (quoth the Duke) ſince thou vniuſtly ſought
To kill this knight, who never did thee wrong,
As he beſt likes, thou ſhalt to death bee brought
And ſuffer torment ſhort, or painfull long.
Calanthrop thankt the Duke right humblie,
For this his iuſt and abſolute decree.

But here's the tryall of a generous minde,
Who having power fully to diſpoſe
Of one who ſought to kill him, yet could finde
In heart, moſt freely to remit ſuch foes,
Brave martiall mindes ingenuouſly forgiue
The penitent, Cowards to death them drive.

So now it prov'd, for *Calanthrop* remits
All the treſpaſſe which *Philotomp* had done,
Likewiſe intreates the Duke, who Iuſtice ſits,
To liberate th'offender to be gone,
Yet *Philotomp* was ſworne, that ſword nor knife,
He ſhould not beare, during his loathed life.

Thus then aſham'd, he haſtes vnto a Barke,
Commits his body to the ſea ſome ſpace,
Bids friends farewell, and then when night grew darke,
He went where *Tryton* rules with forked mace.
Thus was he gone, but no man e're could tell,
What fortune afterward to him befell.

And now the Duke intreats the vnknowne knight
To take the paines to goe with him along
Vnto his houſe, and bee his gueſt that night,
The which requeſt, more ſweet then *Syrens* ſong
Calanthrop thought: yet ſeemd hee not doe ſo,
Moſt willing hee, vnwilling ſeemd to goe.

Now well he knew, he ſhould be once more bliſt
By happy view of faire *Lucilla's* face,
And ſo perhaps, might find time to inſiſt
Opport'nately in ſome convenient place,
Renue his ſuite, and make his love more knowne,
So ripe affections ſeed where he had ſowne.

Moſt ſure Loves ſeed is recompence in love,
And each one aimes for to acquyre the ſame,
Each loyall Lover muſt this aime approve,
Luſtfull deſires are ever worthy blame.
Calanthrops vertuous thoughts doe ſtill aſpire
Not ſubiect to libidinous deſire.

But now they came whereas the Duke then dwelt,
Then were conducted to the Preſence hall,
Lethargick love this time *Calanthrop* felt,
Yet wiſely he his ſences did recall.
The Duke well kmowing that this was the knight,
Who had ſo ſtoutly kild the Beare in fight.

Intends all honour poſſibly to give
Vnto his worth, as tributarie pay,
Loves lawleſſe paſſions doe the knight much grieve,
Though he for to reſtraine the ſame aſſay,
So ſince the Duke perceives him malcontent,
Heetries all meanes this humour to prevent.

Therefore he ſends for his faire Laſſe in haſte,
And all the while he keepes the knight in ſpeech,
For he alone was by the Dukes ſelfe plac'tt
Now comes *Lucilla*, (top of beauties reach)
The love-ſicke knight offers to kiſſe her hand,
Yet (courteous ſhee) his offer doth gain-ſtand.

The Duke ſayd, Daughter, this ſame knight is hee
That kild the cruell Beare before my face,
Defending vs from beaſtly tyrannie,
Though *Philotomp* ſought time him to diſgrace,
Yet he moſt freely his treſpaſſe forgave
And pardon'd him who ſhould no pardon have.

But now *Lucilla* (ſmiling) 'gan to ſpeake,
Beleeve me Sir, if this knight merit praiſe,
In reaſon I this claime may alſo ſeeke,
That I as partner honour'd bee alwayes,
For, laſt time I the healthfull ſpring did ſee,
In my returne I brought this knight with me.

And is it ſo, then daughter I requeſt
Each time thou goes to view the ſpring againe,
To fetch thy father ever ſuch a gueſt,
As is this knight which now doth here remaine,
But now the Duke intreates the knight to ſhow
If this tale his Laſſe tels bee true, or no.

Beleeve me Sir (quoth *Calanthrop*) I came
From *Epyre* laſt, amongſt a lovely traine
Of Ladies, whereof I beleeve this Dame
Was chiefeſt: I deſir'd their help to gaine
The other ſhore, a ſtranger ſince I was,
They me permitted in their Barke to paſſe.

And ever ſince I lay at yonder Towne,
Where the malicious knight ſought mee to kill,
Sometimes I viewd the countrey vp and downe,
Which pleaſant progreſſe did content mee ſtill,
And now I love to my owne countrey goe,
Therefore good Sir, I pray you let bee ſo.

Now went they all to dinner, afterward
The Duke, *Calanthrop*, and *Lucilla* went
Vnto a chamber, others were debard
Where they the after-noone diſcourſing ſpent,
They both intreat the knight his name reveale,
Proteſting firmly they ſhould it conceale.

Likewiſe the Duke requeſts *Calanthrop* ſtay,
Whereto *Calanthrop* forg'd ſome bare excuſe,
Saying, Good Sir, I needes muſt goe away,
And ſo the Duke was forc't to brooke refuſe:
Then bids the Duke his Laſſe, her credit try e,
Perhaps the knight will not her ſuit deny.

So went the faire *Lucilla* to ſoliſt
One whom himſelfe more happie did eſteeme,
Then thoſe who in *Elyſium* ever bliſt,
Obtaine ingreſſe, late traild through *Stygian* ſtreame,
Fortunes inconſtant change, men may perceive,
Who made *Lucilla* ſuiter to her ſlave.

Thus ſhe began, Sir knight, may I intreate
You ſtay with vs, during a month, or two,
For why, my father thinkes you a compleate
Brave Gentleman: and if that you be ſo,
I hope you'l then obey a Ladies ſute,
Leſt I ſhould iuſtly you ingrate repute.

At your requeſt I cauſed once tranſport
You and your Page both of you, through the ſea,
Therefore you ſhould concede in ſuch like ſort,
To this my ſuite, for in the like degree
It ſhould have place, likewiſe you ſwore, in right
Me to defend, and to become my knight.

Which I accept before my father here,
If you be conſtant in your firſt deſire,
How now (quoth ſhe) ſweet father, pray you beare
A part, that we our ſute may once acquire?
If you'l become my knight Sir, take this ring,
You of your promiſe it will mindfull bring.

Madame (ſayd he) I will the ſame receive,
For I'me perſwaded you will not impoſe
To me, more then in reaſon you may crave,
Therefore I will my ſervice ſeale incloſe
Within the limits of your gracious will,
Vowing while breath doth laſt, it to fulfill.

Well then (quoth ſhe) the firſt thing I command,
Is, that you ſtay at court where wee abide,
Therefore now ſervant, ſtrive not to withſtand
My iuſt decree, excuſes lay aſide.
Then next I doe demand your proper name,
Whereof I hope, you need not to thinke ſhame.

As to my ſtay (quoth he) I am content,
And therefore willingly I will obey,
Likewiſe (Madam) ſince it is your intent
To know my name, I muſt it not gainſay,
Men call me *Triſtius*, of *Cimerian* vale,
For darke diſdaine mee ever doth aſſaile.

Now comes a knight and tells the ſupper's dreſt,
Therfore the Duke ſeeing his Lords attend,
Both to his daughter and her knight expreſt,
How that the Lords to ſupper for them ſend,
Yet did the Duke and his faire Laſſe conceive,
Great ioy, that they had gaind what they would have.

But I beleeve *Calanthrop* did enioy
As much content as any man aliue,
For now he doth his beſt wits all imploy
To ſpeake his miſtres, yet doth wiſely ſtrive
To hide the ſame, till time and place doe ſerve,
Though he meane while in love was like to ſterve.

To ſupper went they, after that, to reſt,
Lucilla by her maids was then conveyd
To chamber: but *Calanthrop* now ſuppreſt
His paſſions great, expecting fort'nate aid,
When Duke, and Lords, and Knights were all aſleepe,
Sick-thoughts *Calanthrop* did beſt comp'nie keepe.

Thus then perplext, hee went out at the gate,
Seeking to finde ſome ſolitarie place,
Where he might well, vnheard or ſeene, regrate
His hard miſhaps, and wofull black diſgrace,
In coverd walke, ne're to the river ſide,
Hard by the garden, him ſweet Cedars hide.

Ov'r-

Ov'rcharg'd with griefe, hee 'gins for to impart
His love-ſick paſſions, to each ſenceleſſe thing,
Deepe grounded ſighes oppreſt his loyall heart,
Which mov'd him to his Lute this Dittie ſing,
The ſubiect was, how *Fortune* croſt each man
In their loves ſuite: thus *Calanthrop* began.

CALANTHROP HIS THRENODIE.

THE ſilent night ſummonds each thing to reſt,
The ſchrieking Owle (nights Herald) notes her houres,
In ſable robes, when cryſtall welkin loures,
Each fowle an little bird flie to the their neſt,
The Hamadriads *haſte to ſhadie bowres,*
Each beaſt oppreſt with labour, travell, paine,
Houſe, hold, or cave, to reſt them in remaine.
Now dew diſcends vnſeene in ſilver ſhoures,
Refreſhing ſcorched plants, flours, graſſe & grain,
Each thing that lives, this ſeaſon ſomway pleaſe,
The wearie Phlegon *in the night findes eaſe,*
Coolding in Tethys *bowre his fierie waine,*
Yet I tormented by a deepe diſeaſe,
In night find neither reſt, nor yet reliefe,
Pale-fac't diſdaine is cauſe of all my griefe,
My frowning Fate *I no way can appeaſe,*
Fortune *(aye me) hath made me to be briefe,*
A gazing-ſtock of diſcontented woe,
And ſtill decrees I ſhall continue ſo,
Till death exhale my breath by lawleſſe reife.
You whiſtling windes that ev'rywhere doe blow,
Tell all the world how I am forc't to prove
The worſt of Fortune, *in the beſt of love.*
Smooth glyding ſtreames that to the Ocean goe,
Shew raging Neptune *limited above*
My reſtleſſe paſsions, and heart-killing feares
Move me each houre (as tribute) pay him teares.
You bleſſed Powers above the ſtarres who move,

And

And when you liſt to vs below appeares,
I you implore to abrogate my ſmart,
Elſe lend Lucilla *her coequall part,*
For ſhe as yet what love may be, admires,
Therfore doe wound by ſweet remorſe, her heart,
O Cupid, *if I durſt, I would demaund*
Why thou permits her thus thy lawes gain-ſtand,
I wiſh thou wouldſt but touch her with thy dart,
Then ſhould ſhe be ſubiect to thy command,
And pittie me who daily for her feele
Griefe, paine, and paſsions, ſignes of ſorrows ſeale
And thou faire ring oft kiſt her fairer hand,
(Now drouping ſits, and heares what I reveale)
Thou by that meane didſt much more honor have
Then I thy maſter, who like bliſſe did crave,
Old doting Morpheus *is moſt glad to ſteale*
The guerdon which in right I ſhould receive,
Poſſeſſing her faire body, he doth ſmile
At wenching Iove, *who ſtrives him to beguile.*
Why doth not death me ſoone of breath bereave,
Since black diſdaine affection doth exyle,
Satyrs *&* Faunes *which haunt thoſe woods among,*
And dauncing Driads *witnes this my wrong.*
See how the windes keepe ſilence all this while,
To heare the ſad rehearſal of my tongue,
Sea-*guyding* Cynthia *ſhames to come in ſight,*
And twinkling ſtars in clouds obſcure their light,
Sweet ſmelling Cedars ſtraight & paſsing long,
Thrice happy I, were this my finall night.
No, no, I yet muſt try a wearie day,
For, to my griefe, the Fates *my death delay,*
Leſt I by death might eaſe this wofull ſpright.
O heavens what have I done, that you aſſay
In my loves queſt, each way to give me croſſe,
Though I much fear to call heavens errors groſſe.
Yet this abuſe my ſentes ſo diſmay,
I'me ſenſible of nothing but my loſſe,
Looke how Aurora *at my woe doth weepe,*
Cleare dewie teares from her gray eyes downe leep
On Flora's *coat, where gentle windes them toſſe.*

The

The pleaſant brookes a grudging murmure keepe,
Faire Phœbus now beginnes to guild the fields,
And though his beames to all things comfort yeelds,
Yet ſince he ſees me wrapt in ſorrowes deepe,
Muſing a mayd can ſee a man ſo pyne,
Sham'd of my wrong, he now withdrawes his ſhine.

Calanthrop having ſung this Threnodie,
Sighes ſtrive with teares, and both prevent each word,
Teares wet his cheekes, ſighes dry them ſuddenly,
His matchleſſe griefe, deepe grounded groanes record,
Such wofull paſſions oft ſuggeſt deſpaire,
Whoſe on-wayters be ſorrowe, ſhame, and care.

Yet *Ioue* defend, ſuch like ſhould him befall,
Superiour powers think it now high time,
That *Fortune* ſhould in proſp'rous ioyes inſtall
Him whom till now ſhe puniſht without crime.
So, leſt perchance hee offer might offence
Vnto himſelfe, by deſp'rate violence.

Heavens mov'd *Lucilla* his complaint to heare,
For ſuch like paſſions made her to awake
With loving heart, and with a liſtning eare,
Loves kingly power made her pittie take,
For by the conſequent one may ſurmiſe
Her ſelfe was ſubiect to the ſame diſeaſe.

And yet ſhe did moſt cunningly proceed,
How skild bee women in their coying Art?
She well perceiv'd *Calanthrop* ſtood in need
Of her ſweet aid, to eaſe his love-ſicke heart,
And though ſhe was moſt willing to extend
Reliefe to him, yet doth the ſame ſuſpend.

Now ov'r the walke where *Calanthrop* then lay,
There ſtood a gallerie on the garden wall,
To this ſame gallerie was a privie way
From her bed-chamber: here ſhe vſ'd to call
Her maids by one dilating there her will,
To thoſe ſhee pleaſd, whilſt all the reſt ſtood ſtill.

Vnto

Vnto this gallerie went ſhe all alone,
For all that night ſhe had receiv'd bad reſt,
Hearing her knight relate with many groane,
The various wayes his vrgent grieves increaſt.
And when *Calanthrop* had left off to ſing,
He ſlept: which time ſhee dropt on him a ring.

The happy ring this poſie did conteine,
(*Thy chiefe deſire ſhortly ſhalt thou acquyre*)
Ere he awoke, ſhe went away vnſeene,
Then to a ſecret walke did ſhe retire,
Repenting her that e're this ring ſhe threw
Vnto her knight, whereof he nothing knew.

Now being alone, ſhe 'ginnes her ſelfe to blame,
That ſhould give place to ſuch an idle thought
As love: even thus, *Lucilla* now thy ſhame
Apparent is, which thou regardeſt nought.
What (fond *Lucilla*) wilt thou midſt the yeares
Of tender age, ſubiect thy ſelfe to feares?

For Love's a field of feares, of cares, of paine,
Of trouble, ſorrow, griefe, and ghoſtly woe,
Since ſo it is, in time it's beſt reſtraine
Such fruitleſſe folly, and ſuch like forgoe,
Leſt *Venus* boy thy gentle heart intrap
Making therof no conqueſt, but a rapt.

And what is hee that thou doſt thus affect?
A ſtranger, and perchance of ſuch baſe minde,
That having got thy love, will then reiect
Thee, though at firſt he ſeeme to be moſt kinde,
Neither know's thou his revenewes, nor ſtate:
Therefore in time rue rather then too late.

But now Loves king once toucht her heart againe,
So that ſhe now reputes herſelfe ingrate,
Who could permit her lover to remaine
So long in griefe, and might the ſame abate.
For which in heart ſhe vowes to make amends,
And ere ſhe looſe her loue, ſhee'l looſe her friends.

For

For why ſhees ſure, a knight of ſo good parts
As is her knight, muſt loyall bee in love,
Deceit ne're dwels in noble martiall hearts,
This maxime skildeſt Phyloſophs approve,
His birth likewiſe is ſure equivalent,
Els her to ſuite could ne're be his intent.

Yet ſhe remembers beggar *Irus* ſought
The conſtant love of chaſte *Penelope*,
Which he mongſt Peeres of *Ithaca* deare bought,
Endymion lov'd the Huntreſſe *Hecate*,
Thus love both Prince and poore man doth controll,
The gayners ioy, the looſers ſtill condole.

But what though love a beggar did provoke
Or yet a ſhepheard enterpriſe ſuch aime,
And rich and poore bee ſubiect to loves ſtroke,
And *Cupid* with one dart both heale and maime,
Like to *Achilles* lance, whom it did wound,
It ſelfe againe, nought elſe, muſt make them ſound.

What then *Lucilla*? can there be ſuch thing,
As ever love ſuch operation had?
To make a baſe-borne ſlave, looke like a King,
Though love hath power to make one glad or ſad,
Love in transformes will not prove ſo vnright,
To make a Heard, or Beggar ſeeme a Knight.

Admetus flocks nine winters *Cynthius* kept,
And love made *Iove* in golden ſhowre deſcend
In *Danaes* lap, whilſt ſhe (faire Lady) ſlept,
The heat of love thoſe gods made ſuch intend,
Love likewiſe hath made Kings themſelves abaſe,
Yet Indigence ſtill ſtops Preferments place.

Since ſo it is, what then ſhould make thee feare?
Yet try if that his love to thee be ſuch
That he eſteems no love as thine ſo deare,
If it be ſo, thou oughts reward him much,
Thus then reſolv'd ſhe cald her chiefeſt maid,
Sophona nam'd: and to her thus ſhe ſayd.

My

MY ſweet *Sophona*, greatly need I ayde,
And none ſave thou, I thinke, can ſerve the turne,
For, wit and truth with ſecreſie conveyde,
Muſt onely helpe me to leave off to mourne.
Her love-ſicke heart now ſecretly doth bleed,
Whereat ſhe pauſd, as one ſham'd to proceed.

Which paſſion wiſely *Sophona* thought good
To ſtop in time, before it ſhould accreſſe
To greater height: for now her miſtreſſe blood
From face to inward parts had ſwift regreſſe.
Whereby it ſeem'd, that love ſhould be the cauſe
Of her ſtupiditie, and ſhame-fac't pauſe.

Thus therefore ſpake ſhe to *Lucilla* ſweet,
How now Madam, belike you mee miſtruſt,
Elſe ſure you would not ſpare for to repeate
To me your griefes: if I prove falſe, heavens thruſt
Me from their bliſſe: ſo Madam doe not ſpare
To ſhew to me the cauſe of all your care.

Praiſe to the heavens, I likewiſe can ſhut vp
A ſecret in the cabine of my heart,
Neither can *Creſus* worth my minde corrupt,
For to reveale the ſame in any part,
Speake what you will, to heavens I here proteſt
Till time you pleaſe, it ſhall not bee expreſt.

But give me leave Madam, what if I geſſe
Your cauſe of griefe? for I did well remarke
While as you ſpake, ſome paſſion to ſuppreſſe,
You greatly ſtrove: I doubt it is loves ſparke,
For why, a tim'rous pauſe your ſpeech made faile,
Roſe-red firſt waxt your face, then aſhy-pale.

And if Madam, love doe your heart poſſeſſe,
Give *Cupid* place, his deitie is ſupreame,
Rather then vrge an helpleſſe buſineſſe,
It's folly great to ſtrive againſt the ſtreame,
Then be content, and prove not times abuſe,
But freely ſhew how I may ſerve your vſe.

My

My deare *Sophona* (quoth *Lucilla* thou
Knowſt well that hitherto I ever lov'd
Thee more then all my maids, and ſhall, I vow,
For why to me, as yet, thou ever prov'd
Moſt faithfull, conſtant, kinde, diſcreete, and wiſe,
Thee ſecrets to divulge, none can entyſe.

Therefore to thee I'le tell the ſimple truth,
A tale that ſcarce my heart dare well commit
The pretious ſecret therof to my mouth,
Indeed *Sophona*, thou the mark haſt hit,
I loue (aye me) I loue, what ſhall I doe?
The paines of loue my heart will rent in two.

Yet let mee tell thee, hee's a worthy one,
And this laſt night, I ſecretly ov'r-heard
His plaint, which might have mov'd a heart of ſtone
To pittie him, then went I afterward
Alongſt the garden gallerie: he below
Lay faſt aſleepe, ſo nought at all did know.

In this meane time I took from off my hand
A pretty ring, and dropt it on his cloake,
The poſie whereof, if hee vnderſtand,
Of black deſpaire will quench both fire and ſmoake,
But though his plaint at firſt made me relent,
Yet that I threw the ring, I did repent.

For why, I thought, I knew not well his worth,
And to my friends hee likewiſe was a ſtranger,
Yet loue me told, valour (though hid) breakes forth,
For mee and mine, hee put his life in danger,
In open field, vnarm'd, and without feare,
Couragiouſly alone he kild the Beare.

Diſdaine ſayes, Honour puſht him thereunto,
And what he did, was not for my reſpect,
Loue ſayes againe, what had he here adoe,
But for my ſake? ſhould I him then reiect?
Reaſon ſuggeſteth, once hé told mee plaine,
I was his earthly ioy, and chiefeſt gaine.

For kinde *Sophona*, this ſame is the knight,
That came from *Epire* in our companie,
And when we landed here, took his good night,
Beleeve me woman (faith) the ſame is hee
That came with vs laſt time we view'd the Spring,
This knight I meane, on whom I dropt the ring.

And now *Sophona* I intreate thee trye,
If that his love to me be ſo entire
As it appeares: likewiſe if thou canſt ſpye
Him all alone: I pray thee ſtrive to heare
His words, remark his geſture, and his lookes,
By theſe thou'le know, if he contentment brookes,

Sophona kinde, worke war'ly I exhort,
For long will I looke for thy wiſht returne,
'Cauſe ſure I am, thou wilt the truth report,
And helpe to quench the flames my heart doth burne,
Madam (quoth ſhe) let me and that alone,
No more, farewell Madam, I will begone.

SInce ſhe is gone, it were no miſſe to ſhow
What cogitations companied the knight:
For when *Lucilla* him the ring did throw,
You know he ſleeping was, for why his ſpright,
Whilſt he awoke was vext with griefe extreame,
For which in ſleepe he had a golden dreame.

Hee dream'd he was into a lovely wood,
Where prettie birds melodiouſly did ſing,
Hard by a river, where they alſo ſtood,
Trees, hearbes, and flowers, which pleaſantly did ſpring,
All ſorts of beaſts here walkt moſt fearleſly,
Each thing ſtrove here to ſatiate the eye,

In this meane time came *Venus* and her boy,
As he ſurmyſd, betwixt them was a Laſſe,
Whom they conduct without guide, or convoy,
Thus, ſwiftly marcht they where *Calanthrop* was,
Venus then cald alowd, brave knight awake,
And turning to *Cupido* thus ſhe ſpake,

Sonne, long time hath this knight our ſervant beene,
And he as yet ne're had of vs reward,
Therefore it's time that he ſhould now attaine
The wiſhed aime which hee doth moſt regard.
Say ſonne, ſhall it be ſo? Yes mother, yes,
He ſhall anone enioy his earthly bliſſe.

(Quoth *Cupid*) knight, ſince thou ador'ſt our ſhrine,
Richer then *Paris* ſhall thy guerdon bee,
This ſpotleſſe virgine ſhall be thy propine,
Thrice fairer farre then *Helen* was, is ſhee,
In ſigne that what I ſpeake ſhall be moſt true,
Receive this ring from her: ſo now adiew.

Calanthrop through this extaſie awakes,
Then blames he *Morpheus* 'cauſe he him deceiv'd,
Rouzing himſelfe, hee drowſie ſleepe forſakes,
And looking round, he quickly now perceiv'd,
The very ring, which he thought whilſt hee dream'd,
He had receiv'd from her he moſt eſteem'd.

Dreames are of ſundry natures, ſome reports,
Their reaſons divers, divers their effect,
Yet thoſe beſt knowne, conſiſt but of three ſorts,
Of which this firſt is held in leaſt reſpect,
It's nam'd a dreame of office by the wiſe,
When folk in night, dreame of dayes exerciſe.

The ſecond dreame is called naturall,
'Cauſe it proceeds of ones complection,
As phlegmatikes in ſleep will dreame they fall
In rivers deepe: Sanguines ſuggeſtion
Is oft of bloud: Choler'ans of the fire,
Melancholickes of Divels, which none deſire.

The dreame of *Revelation* is the laſt,
Which ſtill foreſhewes a good or bad ſucceſſe,
This taught men divination in times paſt,
Thus knowne, of ioy or griefe it leaves exceſſe
Into the heart, which will not ſoone remove,
This dreame is not of nature, but above.

Belike

Belike *Calanthrop* did this dreame enioy,
When he awoke he was the merrieſt man,
I think, that liv'd: his heart voyd of annoy,
Doubting was't he, he to the river ran,
To view his ſhadow in the water cleare,
But whilſt he ſtoupt, *Dirce* vnſeen drew neare.

The poſie of his ring he oft ov'r-read,
Kiſſing it, ſate he on the rivers brinke,
Whilſt thus he toy'd, *Dirce* ſteales vp her head,
Reft him the ring, then vnder flood did ſhrinke,
And now amaz'd *Calanthrop* on the land,
Like thoſe beheld *Meduſa* did hee ſtand.

Yet cry'd he *Dirce*, ô ſweet *Dirce*, heare,
Now longſt the river runnes, now doth he ſtay,
Still crying, gentle *Dirce*, once appeare,
For thou waſt once a woman, Poets ſay,
Then pittie me, a humane wretch diſtreſt,
Once vp ſhe popt, yet to the ſea her dreſt.

His regrates onely ſerve to ſhew his harme,
She ſerpent-like hardned her deafned eare,
As when inchanters ſtrive them for to charme,
So careleſſe ſhee, to ſea haſtes without feare,
No whit regarding *Calanthrops* offence,
She loves to dive in *Neptunes* confluence.

Sometimes ſhe ſporting would approch the ſhore,
Then would *Calanthrop* ſtrive her to invade,
Now would ſhe ſwim neere hand the flood ſome more,
Then ſought he by intreates her to perſwade,
But all in vaine, for let him doe his beſt,
She kept the ring hee held in moſt requeſt.

Now ſince hee ſaw, hee no way could prevaile,
He vowes that he anone ſhall fiſher turne,
And emptie all the ſeas of fiſh and Whale,
Els *Phaeton*-like he ſeas and earth ſhall burne,
But that's impoſſible: ſo now therefore
He *Neptune*, *Nereus*, *Proteus* doth implore.

Humbly intreates he that they'l him befriend,
In cauſing *Dirce* him againe reſtore,
Or they'l be pleaſd, the little ring to ſend
With ſome ſuch like, he vowes hee'l then adore
Their liquid Deitie, large and limitleſſe,
Belike thoſe Sea-gods pittied his diſtreſſe.

For now anone appeares a monſter great,
Holding the robber firmly by the back,
His looks with death the whole ſpectators threat,
He towards land the neereſt way doth take,
But ſince he ſees *Calanthrop*, he directs
Dirce to goe and mend her paſt defects.

Trembling ſhe went, and doth the ring produce,
Craving him pardon whom ſhe had offended,
Proteſting ne're to doe the like abuſe,
She likewiſe told him that ſhee once intended
To give that ring vnto a kinſman neare,
Which *Neptune* cauſd her to its owner beare.

Well (quoth *Calanthrop*) now I ſee it's ſure,
Ambition made thee looſe thy humane ſhape,
Thy ſtrife 'gainſt *Pallas* iuſtly did procure
This thy miſhape, and though thou death didſt ſcape,
Be ſure, abides thee yet ſome greater paine,
If thou hereafter vſe ſuch trickes againe.

So now farewell, for freely I forgive
Thee all my wrong, *Neptune* ſtill thankes ſhall have,
Who did thee of thy libertie deprive,
Vntill ſuch time as thou was forc't to crave
Pardon for thy offence againſt thy will,
Elſe thy deform'd attendant would thee kill.

Dirce to ſea, *Calanthrop* homewards went,
'Cauſe that the Duke might chance for him enquire,
And finding him that time to be abſent,
Thereof to know the reaſon ſhould deſire,
For this cauſe did he to his chamber goe,
So ſecretly none ſave his page did know.

He

He bids his page there leave him for a ſpace,
If any did enquire for him that day
Say he was ſick, and ſee in any caſe,
That none approacht him, but he ſhould them ſtay,
For now the paſſions of loves fierie fume,
His loyall heart was likely to conſume.

Likewiſe his dreame reputes he meere deceit
And blames himſelfe that e're did ſuch beleeve,
Yet when hee thinkes vpon the rings receit,
Thoſe ſorrows vaniſh, which do moſt him grieve.
'Cauſe he admires what bliſt ſp'rite did beſtow
So rare a gift to ſtop his over-throw.

With weeping eyes hee doth the poſie view,
His pale-hewd lips the ring doe often kiſſe,
Sighing he ſaid (O heavens) may this be true,
That faire *Lucilla* will forthink her miſſe,
And pittie wretcht *Calanthrop* his eſtate,
Would ſell his life for her at eaſie rate?

No, no, fond man, be ſure it cannot be,
For ſhe hath told thy ſelfe already, that
She much diſtaſted *Cupids* deitie,
And thought thoſe fooles that ever did inact it
Their liberties, within his lawleſſe booke,
Or in loves mirrour ſought themſelves to looke.

Therefore there was ſmall hope of his relieſe,
Yet willd his *Genius* him renew his ſuite,
It might be heavens would ſome way eaſe his grieſe,
Seldome brave mindes ſuccumbe in loves purſute.
And though he dy'd, his ghoſt ſhould have content,
Since for her love death did his breath prevent.

Vnknowne to him, *Sophona* was hard by,
And heard the maner of his whole regrate,
You know *Lucilla* ſent her there to trye
His paſſions which were tedious to relate,
His plaints, *Sophona* did to ſtay allure,
For ſhe vnſeene look't through a doore obſcure.

Thereafter went ſhe to his Page, and told,
She much deſir'd to ſpeake with *Triſtius*
His maſter: therefore wild ſhee him vnfold
So much vnto him: likewiſe ſhew him thus,
(Though for the preſent he be ſomewhat ſicke)
Lucilla's mayd *Sophona* would him ſpeake.

His Page acquaints him that there did attend
A Lady faire, *Sophona* was her name,
To ſpeake with him ſhe gladly did intend,
Since you are ſick Sir, ſhe doth favour claime
To viſite you: ſome phyſick for your eaſe,
Perhaps ſhe brings, will baniſh your diſeaſe.

Chiefe Dame of honour to *Lucilla* faire
Is this *Sophona*, els am I deceiv'd,
Goe fetch her quickly, ſhe perchance my care
May eaſe, which of her miſtreſſe I receiv'd,
Heavens grant it ſo: yet what way can I chuſe
To give her preſence, I can not refuſe.

Now doth *Calanthrop Sophona* embrace,
Their ſalutations beeing finiſhed,
Vnto a window they remov'd a ſpace,
Sighes ſhow his griefe is not diminiſhed,
Faire Lady (quoth he) to a loyall heart,
You may your pleaſure now at length impart.

Sir *Triſtius* (quoth *Sophona*) I intreate
You be not wroth, I come to viſite you,
Nor for my words repute me indiſcreet,
For to my knowledge I moſt firmly vow,
I will not ſpeake the thing may you offend,
Proceed (quoth he) faire Lady, heavens defend.

I ſhould be wroth at any Ladies words,
And namely thoſe who faire *Lucilla* ſerve,
Since I'me her knight, with reaſon it accords,
I ſhould ſuch dutie towards her obſerve
As ſtrive to doe her meaneſt ſervants good,
In dangers lab'rinth though I me intrude.

Well

Well then (quoth ſhe) ever ſince you came here
I have perceiv'd you wonderfully ſad,
The reaſon hereof I doe much admire,
Your face declares your heart's in ſorrow clad,
To ſee ſo brave a knight it grieves me much
As you, ſo ſubiect vnto ſorrowes touch.

Therefore I here the gods ſupreame obteſt
To witneſſe this my true and kinde intent,
That ſince I ſee your minde is ſo oppreſt,
If you'le ſhew mee the cauſe, I ſhall conſent
To ayd you in each loyall endevour,
With ſecreſie, and diligence in ſtore.

O bleſt *Sophona*, wilt thou ſay me ſo?
Shall I beleeve thy *Nectar*-taſted ſpeech?
'Fore heavens (quoth ſhe) what ever you me ſhow
I ſhall keepe ſecret, and I you beſeech
If that my paines can ſtand you in good ſtead,
Shew me your minde, and fearleſly proceed.

Indeed faire Lady, I will then declare
Thee all my griefe: Love doth my heart moleſt,
Diſdaine oft drives me very neare deſpaire,
Lucilla ſo bereaves my minde of reſt,
Her love, her love, oft makes my hart to quaile,
For why I ſee no meanes for to prevaile.

Nor can I finde a time to ſhew my minde
Vnto her ſelfe: ſo Lady if you doe
Be pleaſd to ſhow me ſuch a favour kinde,
As finde a mean how I may ſpeake her to,
Of me you ſhall have ſuch reward allowd,
As you ſhall thinke your travell well beſtowd.

Sir (quoth *Sophona*) you ſhall vnderſtand
No gifts can move *Sophona* to deceive
Her loving miſtreſſe: but ſince your demand
Is ſo diſcreet, and ſorrowes which you have
Are paſſing great, then bee you rul'd by me,
I'le ſhew you when you may convenientlie

Speake with my Lady, this advice receive,
This very night ſome Lords will act a maske,
In the great hall, ſo when you ſpeech would have,
When they begin, ſee you for me doe aske,
Hard by *Lucilla* you ſhall have a place,
And when you pleaſe I ſhall remove apace.

O ſweete *Sophona*, wiſe is thy advice,
Have here this Iewell for thy kinde aſſent,
As thou haſt ſaid, ſo ſhall I enterpriſe,
Heavens grant that *Fortune* thereto give conſent,
Now to the end I may avoid rebuke,
I will be gone for to attend the Duke.

Sophona now I thinke, with merrie cheare,
Went to her miſtreſſe, who did then expect
Her wiſht returne, yet not without ſome feare,
Although the meſſage ſhe did much affect,
And when *Sophona* came into her ſight,
Twixt hope and feare vext was *Lucilla's* ſpright.

Hope tels her all is well, be not afraid,
Take courage for thy comfort quickly comes,
Feare ſayes it is not ſo, which tale diſmaid
Her ſo, that griefe her ſences all benummes,
And ill adviſd to try *Lucilla's* thought,
At firſt *Sophona* ſeem'd bad newes t'have brought.

How ſoone ſhe went to try *Calanthrops* minde,
Lucilla to a chamber did retire,
And there herſelfe moſt ſecretly confin'd,
Whereat her maides did very much admire.
For ſhe in vſe had ne're ſuch formes of old,
Yet to enquire the reaſon none ſo bold.

Sophona findes her tumbling on a bed,
And making to herſelfe a ſecret moane,
But at *Sophona's* ſight her paſſions fled,
Yet every word's prevented by a groane.
Now vp ſhe roſe, then ſaid with ſighing breath,
Sophona ſweete what newes? Is't life or death?

Madam

Madam (quoth ſhe) I went at your command,
To trye your knight, his vertue or his vice,
My voyage was like theirs who plow the ſand,
Or thoſe who ſearch for fire beneath the yce.
At which *Lucilla* ſhrunk right where ſhe ſtood,
Like to a ſnow-ball caſt into ſome flood.

Which *Sophona* perceiving, gript her faſt,
Curſing the time that e're ſhe ſo did ieſt,
Through her complaints *Lucilla* woke at laſt,
Then faintly ſaid, how ſweete is death his taſte?
And ſtill *Sophona* pittifully cries,
Pardon Madam, for what I ſaid is lies.

Whereat ſhe faintly heaveth vp her head,
Saying, O heavens, ſweet heavens, where am I now?
In heaven, or earth, or am I 'mongſt the dead,
She ſtrives to ſtand, her feeble ſinewes bow,
Weakned through feare, but yet ſhe at the length,
Pac't vp and downe, and ſo regain'd ſome ſtrength.

Sophona now craves pardon for the wrong,
Which ſhe had done her through her miſreport,
Lucilla ſaid, *Sophona* thou art ſtrong
Enough, to glad me by a wiſht ſupport,
But here before the gods I thee adiure,
That thou thy miſtreſſe of the truth aſſure.

By heavens Madam this is the veritie,
This day I'me ſure you have the worthieſt knight
That lives, or loves, void of infirmitie,
I heard his plaints, yet kept me out of ſight,
Not ſo content, I went and ſpoke him faire,
Whereby I tryd him to a very haire.

Bleſt gods, what doe I heare, what, what, words, what?
Sophona ſweet, I pray, doe but remaine,
And once repeate that *Nectar*-ſpeech, even that,
Of force ſufficient fetch a ghoſt againe
From darkeſt region of infernall ſhade,
To *Limbus patrum*, where all ghoſts be glad.

In

In truth Madam, I pittied his complaint,
When in his waylings hee moſt plainly ſhew
Loves paſſion made his loyall heart to faint,
And when I did his countenance review,
The figure of diſdaine, and black diſgrace,
Pale diſcontent had portrait in his face.

Lucilla faire, *Lucilla* did hee call,
Pittie deare ſweet, pittie thy love-ſick ſlave,
For thee who would to death his life inthrall,
A truer love, ſhall never woman have,
Aye me, aye me, wilt thou not pittie him,
That for thy love the *Stygian* lake would ſwim.

When thus I heard him, truth I muſt confeſſe
I could not chuſe but ſigh: Madam, how now?
I think you ſtrive vs t'imitate, vnleſſe
You ſpare thoſe groanes, I will the ſame avow,
No Madam, no, beleeve me if you pleaſe,
You are the authour of his great vneaſe.

Now Madam harke mee, hee did mee intreate
That I would move you for to give him eare,
In ſome convenient place, for to repeate
His plaints, whereby his paſſions might appeare,
Therefore Madam, pray be not diſcontent,
At maske this night I wild him be preſent.

Where he ſhall have a time convenient,
Whilſt all the reſt are exercyſd in daunce,
To tell his griefe, as is expedient,
To you who may his fortunes beſt advance.
Say Madam, ſay deare Madam, ſhalt be ſo?
Sophona mine, I cannot ſay thee no.

It ſhall indeed, I cannot ſtill refuſe
To grant my worthy knight ſome audience,
Elſe iuſtly may he think I him abuſe,
And that I light eſteeme his good pretence.
But this is worſt, ſmall time can wee acquyre,
There to diſcourſe, which both of vs deſire.

Madam

Madame (quoth ſhee) can you not then appoynt
Both time and place where you and he may meete?
His loyall love with ioy you may annoynt,
And be your ſelfe copartiner repleate.
This is the beſt, ſo Madam thus conclude,
If ev'r you minde to taſte contentments food.

My ſweete *Sophona*, thou art paſſing wiſe,
In each thing therefore Il'e be ruld by thee,
Vnhappy ſhe ſuch counſell would deſpiſe
As comes of love, ſeald with wiſe ſecreſie,
The time drawes neare, therefore let vs addreſſe
Our ſelves, and put each thing in readineſſe.

Each houre a day, each moment ſeemes an houre,
Vnto theſe lovers, till this day be ſpent,
Delay, of taſte, to lovers proves moſt ſoure,
The time ſeemes tedious which precurres content,
Yet, day once ſpent, then the great hall within,
The trumpets ſound before the Maske beginne.

The Duke with Lords and Knights went to the Hall,
Next doe the Actors of the Maske provide,
Then came *Lucilla*, with her Ladies all,
Sophona ſtill kept by her miſtreſſe ſide,
Calanthrop doth ſalute the Ladies there,
Paſt by as though he ſought a place elſewhere.

Sophona ſees him, therefore doth forſake
Her place, went to him as of courteſie,
Saying, Come here Sir Knight, though I ſhould lacke
A place, ſince you're a ſtranger, I'le ſupply,
You at this time: he thankes her, ſhe conducted
Him to the place as ſhe before inſtructed.

Thus ſhee *Calanthrop*, by *Lucilla* ſet,
The reſt their roomes were diſtant a good way,
When they began to ſpeake, leſt ſhee ſhould let
A good occaſion: ſhe without delay
Remov'd herſelfe a little from them two,
To her *Lucilla* ſayd, where doe you goe?

Madam

Madam (quoth ſhe) no way, I'le ſtay right here,
I doe attend the comming of a friend,
And to our ſpeech, leſt you perhaps give eare,
I doe remove this happy time to ſpend,
Your knight Madam, I cauſd to you repaire,
He in my abſence will of you take care.

Indeed *Sophona* I did think no leſſe,
For I admir'd you were become ſo kinde,
As give your place with ſuch a willingneſſe,
Except you had ſome other plot in minde,
Now there's a ieſt (quoth ſhee) my life to pledge,
Servant, that *Sophona* attends your Page.

Sweet Madam (quoth *Calanthrop*) glad am I,
If I or he can any way her pleaſe,
Or any of your ſervants, becauſe why
I am your knight, who never ſhall ſurceaſe
Both you and yours to ſerve to my lives end,
My ſervants therefore ſhould the like intend.

For my deare love, when firſt I ſaw thy face,
I vowd my ſervice abſolute to thee,
Whoſe exc'lent beautie, and ſweet lovely grace,
Can ne're be darkned by obſcuritie,
O wert thou pittifull, as thou art faire,
Then wouldſt thou eaſe thoſe ſorrows I declare!

Sweet, cruell, faire, is it not now high time
To pittie me thy captive wretch forlorne?
By thee diſdaind, made captive without crime,
Diſdain ſtill moves thee, laugh my love to ſcorne,
Pittie deare love, aye me, how long? how long?
Wilt thou perſiſt in this thy wilfull wrong?

Oh if thou hadſt but onely one poore touch,
Of that loves paſſion, and tormenting paine,
Then ſure thou wouldſt be mov'd to pittie much
Him, who for thee doth hourely ſuch ſuſtaine,
The hope whereof, ſeale in my heart by this,
Lend me of thy faire hand, one ſweet ſweet kiſſe.

Beleeve

Beleeve me ſervant, that's a poore requeſt,
Faith ſervant, I much pittie thy eſtate,
For thou appear'ſt to be by love oppreſt,
Therefore in heart I doe thy ſtate regrate,
Wiſhing that thou that humour couldſt forbeare,
Which throbbling ſighes demonſtrate to my eare.

But truſt me ſervant, I thought long agoe,
Thou ſhouldſt forget this idle humour love,
Yet I perceive belike it is not ſo,
Loves wound, ſome ſay, doth no way ſoone remove.
With credit therefore may I doe thee good,
I ſweare I ſhall thee from thoſe grieves ſeclude.

Servant perſwade thy ſelfe of my good will,
In any thing with credit I may doe,
And if thou love me, thou my honour ſtill
Muſt aye regard, this favour I'le thee ſhow.
In ſigne whereof I give thee here my hand,
Thou ſhalt enioy my preſence at demand.

So when you doe deſire to ſpeake with mee,
Send you your Page vnto my truſtie maid
Sophona: ſhe ſhall ſhow him ſecretly
When you to me may fitteſt be convaid.
The Maske's at end, for this time muſt we part,
Yet take this ſecret kiſſe to eaſe thy ſmart.

Madam (quoth he) I never can repay
This favour, paſt the value of the earth,
Though I could dye for you ten times a day,
And (with *Deucalions* ſtones) live without birth,
Or *Hydra*-like revive when I were ſlaine,
My blood could never counterpoyſe my gaine.

Now comes *Sophona*, tels them of a match,
Betwixt her and the Page, the morne at night,
How they had plotted to deceive the watch,
Stale forth at gates, by helpe of *Phœbe's* light,
He runnes (quoth ſhe) the water-walke 'gainſt me,
Madam, you and your knight our Iudges be.

Truth

Truth (quoth *Lucilla*) if I could vnſeene,
I would moſt gladly view that pretttie ſport,
What ſay you ſervant, will you then conveene?
Yes Madam, yes, I will in any ſort
Be preſent. then (quoth ſhe) take you a care
To bring your Page, I'le bring *Sophona* there.

At two a clock in night ſee you attend,
For ſhe and I will come the garden way
Thorow the gallerie, and the ſtaires deſcend,
Take heed the watch be vnto you no ſtay,
No Madam, we in time for that ſhall guard,
And never yeeld them thankes for their reward.

The Maske now ends, the Duke and Lords them ſped,
Vnto their chambers, for to take ſome ſleepe,
Lucilla and her Ladies goe to bed,
Though one intent did not them comp'nie keepe,
Her maids did minde of nothing but their reſt,
But ſhe (ſweet Lady) was by love oppreſt.

She ſet an houre-glaſſe, nights houres to recount,
And often cryd *Sophona* doeſt thou heare?
To what a clock doth now the houres amount?
Or pray thee tell me what a night doeſt make?
How tedious is the time that doth prolong
Lovers content? whoſe abſence proves too ſtrong.

The night wore out, ſo likewiſe did the morrow,
When it grew late, *Calanthrop* and his boy
Went forth at gates, leſt that vnto his ſorrow
Their ſtay might turne, for it would much annoy
Him to be fruſtrate of ſuch ſweete ſolace,
Therefore before the time hee kept the place.

By ten a cloke hee did approach the walke,
The time appoynted was the houre of two,
Now with his Page hee ſecretly doth talke,
At laſt he walkt a little way him fro,
Where he the ſweeteſt harmonie did heare,
That ever was preſented to the eare.

From out the garden gallerie came the ſound
To a baſſe Lute, the trebble ſang ſome voyce
Palinode-like, the ſubiect ſeem'd refound
Tribute to *Cupid*, and therein reioyce.
It was *Lucilla*, whom love did conſtraine
By this her Palinode her minde t'explaine.

LVCILLA HER PALINODE.

Many one raſhly giue, reaſonleſſe cenſures towards loue,
But thoſe as I beleeue, his mightie pow'r did neuer proue,
Why ſhould they ſpeake, were ne're loue-ſicke
Of Cupids *power or might,*
Blind folke ſhould not, iudge colours but
Giue place to thoſe haue ſight.

The time was once I thought, as thoſe vaine fooles do now ſurmiſe
And I by all meanes ſought, to moue each one his power deſpiſe.
But fooliſh I, did not eſpy
That Cupid *was a God,*
Though I was wilde, hee made mee milde
Like babes who kiſſe their rod.

It's more then madneſſe great, to raile againſt affections King,
Be he control'd hee'l threat, the gods themſelues to ruine bring.
Him powers bliſt, dare not reſiſt
Iove, Neptune, *nor* Apollo,
Should then not wee, who mortals be,
Learne their example follow.

Though Danae *was kept cloſe, and ſtrictly watcht by matrons guard,*
Her father life muſt loſſe, by her firſt borne for his reward,
He knowing that, incarcerate
Her, to preuent the ſame,
Iove *did ſurmiſe, gold blindes the wiſe,*
And time make Dian *tame.*

Such

Such ſure is Venus *boy, deare bought experience makes me know,*
None can on earth finde ioy, vnleſſe themſelves his ſervants ſhow.
Let yong and old, let baſe and bold
Let rich and poore obey,
For who gainſtand, Cupids *command,*
He workes their wrack alway.

Long ſince, I muſt confeſſe, I Venus *deitie did deteſt,*
And thought it fooliſhneſſe, in thoſe their hopes ſo fondly plac't,
I cald Love blinde, and now I finde
He wounds without reſpect,
Yea, all alike, his darts doe ſtrike,
With love or pale reiect.

But where as I before, tranſgreſt 'gainſt Venus *and her ſonne,*
I vow now to adore, their ſacred will till life be done.
No bad pretence, but ignorance,
Made me their lawes forſake,
So Iewels rare, ſome fooles will ſpare,
And yet a feather take.

Love all things overcomes, to Love Lucilla *doth give place,*
Their ſences he benummes, who ſtrive his deitie to diſgrace.
Or ſeek his foyle, or honours ſpoyle,
Therefore I thus reſolve,
In life or death, whilſt I doe breathe,
My love ſhall me're diſſolve.

Calanthrop in this ſong tooke ſuch delight,
He now remaind the gladdeſt man that liv'd,
Her happy words he regiſtrate in ſpright
Whoſe force from death to life could have reviv'd
The ſaddeſt malcontent that liv'd, or lov'd,
To ſee how Princely love diſdaine remov'd,

The time appointed came, *Lucilla* faire,
And wiſe *Sophona*, though the night was darke,
Came both ſo ſoftly downe the gallerie ſtaire,
None of her guard them abſent did remarke,
They ſhut the privie gate themſelues behinde,
Thereafter ſhortly whom they ſought, they finde.

Madam

Madam (quoth *Sophona*) to this advert,
Remember when you ſpeake your knight, this clame,
For men in love are cunningly expert,
As yet you know not *Triſtius* proper name,
Is't poſſible (quoth ſhe?) Madam, it's true,
Then (quoth *Lucilla*) I'le that ſute renue.

Now ſee they other through a lowring light,
For envious *Cynthia* gave vnwilling ſhine,
'Cauſe why ſhe knew that *Cupids* day was night,
Lovers convents move chaſtitie repine.
Yet told *Lucilla Phœbe* to her face,
Endymion ſaw her ſmile with better grace.

Thus doe they meet, *Calanthrop* by the arme
Tooke faire *Lucilla*, paicing ſo along,
The night was dark, yet was the ſeaſon warme,
He calles to minde *Lucilla's* ſugred ſong,
Whereby love told him plainly to conclude,
Lovers late meetings aimes at further good.

Therefore he was moſt loath for to neglect
Such good occaſion: And ſo he deſir'd
Her, whom on earth his ſp'rite did moſt affect,
Vnto a parle: ſhe againe requir'd
Sophona and his Page to try their game,
Of foot-courſe, which to view ſhe thither came

The which they did, the match *Sophona* gaind,
For, midſt the courſe the Page through fierceneſſe fell,
So they him looſer merrily ordain'd,
But yet the Boy their cenſures did repell,
Alledging, that ſince *Fortune* gave the croſſe,
They could not iuſtly ſay his was the loſſe.

Thus merrily diſcourſt they on the ſport,
Calanthrop took *Lucilla* faire apart,
Sophona did the Page be pleaſd exhort,
Who ſeem'd to take his loſſe in evill heart.
Whereat he ſmiling, rounded in her eare,
To make them ſport he did ſo ſad appeare.

Sophona and the Page were quickly gone,
Towards the vtmoſt end of this ſame walke,
Calanthrop ſince he found himſelfe alone
With his ſweet love, he thus began to talke,
First craving pardon if he ſhould offend,
This ſpeech to her ſweet eares he did commend

O Braveſt frame that ever *Nature* wrought,
Rare quinteſcence of beauties honoured frame,
Fairer then ſhe to *Troy* whom *Paris* brought,
Thou who art ſtaine to *Cupids* ſmiling Dame,
Poore lowring *Cynthia* ſhames her ſhine to ſhowe,
Becauſe ſhe ſees thy fairer face below.

Each gazing eye doe homage to thy beautie,
The faireſt *Nymphs* as hand-maids wil thee ſerve
Each heart adores thee, in all ſoveraigne dutie.
Yet *Phœbus* faire midſt envy's like to ſterve,
For why, black clouds eclipſe his light divine,
Thy fairer rayes not ſubiect to decline.

The ſparkling ſtarres much imitate thy eyes,
When chilling froſt doth cleare the azur'd skye,
In thee alone true vertue lives and dies,
My life and love on thy ſweet ſelfe relye,
Look how the Lizard feeds on humane ſight,
Right ſo thy face both yeelds me life & light.

The *Salamander* lives amidſt the fire,
Not burnt thereby, nor choked by the ſume,
So doe I live 'midſt flames of hot deſire,
Thy lookes my heart doe fire, yet not conſume.
Likewiſe thy words inchant my liſtning eare,
Like *Syrens* ſongs, when ſhippes their rockes drew neare.

Since thou bewitches, deare ſweet vſe me ſo,
As *Circe* did of *Ithaca* the king,
When he by ſea late-ſacked *Troy* came froe,
By magick ſpelles him to her Ile did bring,
Yet through loves force, when ſhe her conqueſt viewd,
She yeelds herſelfe to him ſhe late ſubdu'd.

But

But if thou wilt not imitate a witch,
Let vertuous *Dido* thy example bee,
Who though ſhe was moſt infinitely rich,
Sea-toſt *Æneas* kept ſhe companie,
And though you iuſtly may to me obiect.
That he was falſe: I'me free of that defect.

Therefore ſweet love, while as the ſeaſon fits,
Once make me fort'nate in my loves attempt,
Are they not wiſe their ſecretes moſt commits
To ſenceleſſe things, from feare they're ſure exempt,
Windes, rivers, trees, hearbes, floures, nor graſſe can tell
What we coact, ſo let our ioyes excell.

No hindrance have we, if thy ſelfe be willing,
Come deare ſweet love, come ſeale it with a kiſſe,
Then ſhall we looke like prettie Doves a billing,
If thou with-draw thy head, thou robſt my bliſſe.
O let me ſuck the Nectar from thy lippe,
Where loves *Idæa* ſtill delights to skippe.

Midſt fervent paſſion, he doth ſoftly cruſh
Her whiter hand then ſnow that's lately blowne,
He pulls, ſhe holds, this mov'd a modeſt bluſh
Poſſeſſe her face, yet ſecond by a frowne,
Which ſo him frighted, that he could not ſpeake,
Whereat (ſhe ſmiling ſaid) and clapt his cheeke.

SErvant, you men have a deceiving wit,
When you your miſtres favour would acquire,
No ſugred ſentence doe you then omit,
Some lying ſp'rite doth ſo your hearts inſpire.
For when you ſeek to foyle poore womens fame,
Vnder a loves pretext, ſerve you not blame?

It's ſayd that women when they liſt can weepe,
And men in love can when they pleaſe looke pale,
What paſſions, plaints, griefe, groanes, and ſighes you keepe
In ſtore for to obſcure a fained tale,
Likewiſe you'le mourne like Crocodils with teares
For ayd, while as your falſe intent appeares.

With ſweeteſt ſongs like *Marmaids*, you'le inchaunt
The chaſteſt eare when nothing elſe can doe it,
Bleſt are thoſe women who in time diſ-haunt
Such ſmooth-tongu'd Sycophants who move them to it,
When plaints, ſighes, groanes, tears, ſongs, cannot prevaile,
By truthleſſe praiſes you our ſexe aſſaile.

One ſweares his *Nymph* is more than *Venus* faire,
When one would thinke her *Æthyopian* borne,
Ioves Queene to her moſt ſure hath no compare,
Squint, drouping lookes, her geſture ſo adorne.
How meek ſhe is, moſt lovely is her grace,
When fye on her, ſhe hath *Alectoes* face.

Now *Dian* muſt not be ſo chaſt as ſhee,
Though *Lais*-like ſhee have a loving heart,
Pallas I geſſe, no way ſo wiſe may bee,
For ſhe can skill of *Mopſa's* hood-winkt art.
Penelope ſo conſtant none did finde,
As ſhe whoſe Thain-like thoughts move with each wind

And hee'l maintaine, ſhe ſecretes can conceale,
Though ſcarce ſo well as babes, who late got vſe
Of blabbing tongue, who all they heare, reveale,
Yet in one thing ſhe merit may excuſe,
Proud is ſhe not, perhaps againſt her will,
Cauſe to attaine the fame, ſhe lacketh skill.

Her golden haires (though crow-black) will he guild,
Her ſtarre-like eyes, looke ſleepie, yet muſt glance,
Her ſnow-white cheekes, an Ambet colour yeeld,
Her proper noſe, huge great, and crook't perchance,
Her Rubie-lips, remaine of purple dye,
Her pearle-like teeth, like Currall men eſpy.

Her Ivorie hands are wrinkled like a frogge,
Her comely breaſts are ſuch as babes forſake,
Her heavenly voyce ſounds like a barking dogge,
Her breath perfum'd, would make a whole head ake.
In end, his miſtres pardon he exhorts,
'Cauſe of her worth he ſparingly reports.

And

And if we will not truſt you, then you'le ſweare,
The curſed'ſt oathes that ever mortal heard,
By this meane doe you b aniſh all our feare,
Which to our loſſe oft turneth afterward,
That this is true, ſervant be you aſſur'd,
Yet heavens defend that each man were periur'd.

But come, ſweet ſervant, pray you tell me this,
Can there be love where that the truth's conceald?
Some ſpeciall reaſon may excuſe that miſſe,
Madam (quoth he) though love by truth be ſeald
Yet if a man can yeeld no reaſon good.
Their miſtreſſe iuſtly may their ſute exclude.

But Madam, I intreate, if that you can,
Shew me the woman that ſuch wrong hath got,
Or what's the name of that diſloyall man,
That hath his honour ſtaind with ſuch a blot.
Servant (quoth ſhe) my ſelfe the woman be,
And you the man that did the wrong to me.

Did I (Madam) did I? yes ſervant, you,
Yet ſhall it ne're be publiſht to your ſhame,
O grieve not ſervant, till I tell you how,
Is not my knight cald *Triſtius* to his name?
Wherat he bluſht, what (quoth ſhe) is't not ſo?
I'le make you then ſpeake true before you goe.

So if thou love me, preſently declare,
Thy proper name, and what reaſon thou had,
For to conceale the ſame, and ſo to ſpare
The truth: for truth with honour's ever clad.
Madam, my life I weigh not to your love,
Therefore this is the truth by heavens above.

When firſt to you I did preſent my ſuite,
(Heavens know my minde to you was ever true)
Yet you, a foole or mad man me repute,
For why, as then of love you nothing knew.
So nought regarding me, you took good night,
And left me (God knowes) with a grieved ſpright.

Since for your love I had my countrey left,
My parents, friends, and all my royall ſtate,
Your heavenly beautie ſo of ſence bereft
Me, that aſham'd I curſt my cruell *Fate*.
Likewiſe I curſt thoſe contrarie aſpects,
In birth beare rule, in life work bad effects.

Sham'd to returne to my owne native ſoyle,
Becauſe that I was ty'd eternally
Vnto your beautie, and had given the ſpoyle,
To you of all my former libertie,
For this cauſe in theſe woods and vnknowne wayes,
I Hermit-like reſolv'd to ſpend my dayes.

Thus then reſolv'd, I to the forreſt went,
A little after I came from your barke,
My Page to ſeek ſome Innes for me I ſent,
When he was gone, a grove I did remarke,
There lay I downe, and there bewaild my griefe
To ſenceleſſe things, which could yeeld no reliefe.

Incontinent a man I did perceive,
To me he came, and asked if that way
There came ſome huntſmen, I againe did crave
In any ſort he would be pleaſd to ſtay,
And ſhow me how they cal'd this countrey where
I now remaind: at my requeſt even there

He told me all that I deſir'd to know,
Thereafter went in truth I know not whither,
Moſt glad in heart of that he did mee ſhow,
I rouſd my ſelfe, and then my Page came thither,
And told me that my Inne he did provide
Into a towne where many knights abide.

Expecting on the hunting of a Beare,
Who had the countrey people much abuſd,
Then for thy ſake, my love, and deareſt deare,
I thought I merit blame if I refuſd
To hazard life, and that if I were ſlaine,
My worth vnknowne perpetuall might remaine,

For

For this cauſe I my proper name forſooke,
That likewiſe if I periſht through diſdaine,
Vnder the name of *Triſtius* I might brooke
Oblivion, which in death was all my gaine.
This was the reaſon which did moſt me move
Obſcure my name, leſt I ſuccumb'd in love.

But ſince thou haſt commanded me to tell
My proper name, I ſhall the ſame impart.
Deare love, thou knowſt the countrey where the well
Once eaſd thy mother of a poyſnous ſmart,
Of rich *Epirus*, and that healthfull Spring,
Thy knight and ſervant *Calanthrop* is King.

Thou therefore who haſt long my love inthrald,
Since time ſo ſerves (deare ſweet love) be not coy,
With *Epires* crowne thy head ſhall be impald,
Each earthly pleaſure ſhalt thou there enioy.
I care not for thy father, nor thy friends,
So I have thee, let them goe crave amends.

I'me ſure it grieves thee much to bee confin'd
Continually in chamber: doth it not?
(Aye me) deareſoule, that thou ſhouldſt bee ſo pin'd
And captive made by him who thee begot.
Kiſſe me (ſweet love) and I ſhall make thee free,
My *Epire* ſhips through ſea ſhall carrie thee.

My *Calanthrop* (quoth ſhe) couldſt thou acquire
My fathers grant, it would my minde much eaſe,
Then blameleſſe might I grant thee thy deſire.
Children ſhould ſtrive their parents wrath t'appeaſe,
Yet I'me afraid, if thou propone ſuch thing,
It thy deſigne to hindrance great doe bring.

High walles are ſcald when *Canons* cannot wrong,
Import'nate ſuites in end are often paſt
Continuall battrie, though the fort bee ſtrong,
Will force the keepers render at the laſt,
The ſtone by water's penetrate at length,
By often falling rather then by ſtrength,

Lucilla ſo no longer could reſiſt
His ſtrong aſſaults, nor yet could ſhe reiect
His loyall loue, preſcrive then as he liſt
She will obey: for why ſhe doth affect
Him ſo, that both her honour, ſtate and fame
He may diſpoſe at pleaſure of the ſame.

YET though (quoth ſhe) thou now haſt gaind the field,
I'le tell thee one thing (pray thee ſet thee downe)
To *Triſtius*, not to *Calanthrop*, I yeeld,
Leſt thou ſhould thinke the guerdon of a crowne
Had wrought the match: no, faith I'le this expreeme,
Thy ſelfe I doe more then thy ſtate eſteeme.

By heavens (quoth he) I never other thought,
Therfore I here accept thee for my wife,
In ſigne whereof, this ring which nere was wrought,
By mortall hands, which I eſteeme as life,
I'le give to thee, *Dian* to *Arcas* dame
It gave, and this way to my hand it came.

When as *Caliſto*, one of *Dians* traine
Admitted was, the chaſte Queene much did feare
The wanton laſſe long chaſte ſhould ſcarce remaine,
Therefore ſhe gave her this ring you have here,
Whoſe vertue will preſerve ones chaſtitie
So long as ſhe that beares it doth aggree.

The chaſte ring it is cald, you may behold
Its name is written on its inmoſt ſide,
The greateſt leacher, furious, ſtrong or bold,
That ever liv'd, though by a maid he bide,
Have ſhe this ring, he can doe no offence
Againſt her will, to her through violence.

Yet wylie *Iove* did court *Diana's* maid,
Who from her miſtreſſe got it for this vſe,
And when *Iove* had enioyd her, as was ſayd,
She loſt this ring by ſloth, or by abuſe
Into a forreſt of faire *Arcadie*,
When as the god enioyd her companie.

Where

Where, out of queſtion, it lay many yeares,
Yet heavens would not have ſuch a iewell loſt,
Vnto an *Epirot* one night appeares
It, who was ſhipwrackt on the *Morean* coaſt,
Like to a glow-worme he perceives it ſhine,
Like *Fairies* candle, or ſome light divine.

The paſſenger, becauſe the night was darke,
Was much afraid: for ſtill hee did admire
What it might be: at laſt he did remarke,
That neither buſh, nor graſſe, burnt had this fire,
Then took he courage, ſwore he ſhould it ſee,
Found it a ring, and brought the ring to mee.

When I had got the ſame, I cauſd demand,
Apollo's Oracle what it portended,
The reſponſe told, that to the faireſt hand
The world did yeeld, this ring ſhould be extended,
And that its owner ſhould the virgine wed,
And have her home to his right royall bed.

Likewiſe deare love, it told me whoſe it was,
With all the circumſtances of the ſtate,
And how that it was loſt by yond ſame Laſſe,
The vertue thereof thus it did dilate.
Now this is all, of it I know no more,
But that it's better plac't then of before.

In truth (quoth ſhee) this is a ſtrange report,
That you have told me here, about this ring,
Yet may it purchaſe truth in every ſort,
But now me thinkes the Larke beginnes to ſing,
Yet ſweet heart, ſee thy Page, how he doth ſleepe,
And good *Sophona* muſt him comp'nie keepe

Let vs awake them, for we muſt remove,
Cleare day compels vs for to bid fare-well
Black clouds, which hid the welkins face above,
Bright *Phoſphorus* makes now, for ſhame to ſteale
Cloſe out of ſight, *Aurora's* dewie head,
Hath drops diſperſt ov'r hill, vale, wood and meade.

So

So each thing tells vs that it's time to part,
Leſt *Phœbus* ſelfe vs abſent doe proclaime,
Thoſe things compoſd by *Nature*, not by *Art*,
Bid vs beware of *Envies* ſcandalous blame,
A vertuous name is much to bee eſteemd,
But if once loſt, hardly againe redeemd.

Deare heart (quoth *Calanthrop*) we ſhal not ſtay,
Doe onely ſhow me when you'le ready bee,
For preſently my Page without delay.
Shall from *Epirus* bring a ſhippe for thee.
My *Calanthrop* (quoth ſhe) when e're you will,
I'le goe with you, and your deſire fulfill.

For though one man might abſolutely diſpoſe
Of all the earth, and were in ſuite of me,
In my affection thou mightſt ſafe repoſe,
As heavens me bleſſe, ſuch is my love to thee,
Though *Iove* would ſuite me with the gods convoy,
Calanthrop ſhall *Lucilla* ſure enioy.

O ſentence bleſt, more bleſſed yet that tongue
Which mov'd the ſpeech: come, let vs them awake
Vp boy, get vp, for thou haſt ſlept too long,
Yet firſt *Sophona* to her miſtreſſe ſpake,
Sweet Madam doe you think it time to goe?
Yes, yes, *Sophona*, doe not you thinke ſo?

Now ſervant (quoth *Lucilla*) ſtay you here,
My maid and I will goe a ſecret way,
Towards my chamber, for I greatly feare,
Some of my guard vs abſent finde to day.
Which heavens defend, I rather chuſe to dye,
Then any ſhould our ſecret meeting ſpye.

Heavens know (quoth he) Madam that I much more
Reſpect your honour, then my life or blood,
So may you well perſwaded be therefore,
Your ſmalleſt griefe will me of ioy denude.
Much more the ſcandall of your honour'd name
In my default, would make me ſtill exclaime.

There-

Therefore farewell, but ô what did I ſpeake,
Ambitious tongue, darſt vtter ſuch a word,
The thought of farewell makes my heart ſo ſicke,
That twentie tongues its griefe cannot record,
Yet thy departure neceſſare I finde,
Then go in peace, though much againſt my minde.

When ſhe was gone, *Calanthrop* preſently
Went to his Page, and ſummar'ly directed
Him towards *Epyre* to goe inſtantly,
And ſee that he the faireſt ſhip elected,
And brought with him vnto that ſelfe ſame land,
Where now they were: the boy went at command

Vnto *Epyre*, and there he did prepare
Into the Citie of *Nicopolis*,
A ſtately ſhip, ſtrong, ſwift, and paſſing faire,
And likewiſe lookt that nothing was amiſſe,
Skild marriners he got, who would take paine
To rule the ſhip, then haſtes he back againe.

This time *Calanthrop* better did attend
The Duke then ever he before had vſd,
Since his intent was ne're a wiſhed end
No kinde of paines, nor travell he refuſd,
Could yeeld the Duke in any ſort delight,
Yet mindes to ſerve him with a ſhort good night.

Lucilla was not idlie exercyſde
For how ſoone ſhe had ſhewd her loving Maid
Who her knight was, together they devyſd
Time to eſchew, yet women are ſo fraid
In ſuch attempts, that though deſire abound,
Each weake deſigne their weaker wits confound.

For now they think, what if the guard awake
When they are gone, and follow after faſt,
And finding them, with ſhame ſhould bring them backe,
The thought hereof makes their fraid hearts agaſt,
And now anone love courage them affoords,
To ſtrampe their foes, though all their foes had ſwords.

Thus

Thus long time were they much perplext with thought,
Of their eſcape, *Calanthrop* being alone,
His Page return'd, and ſhew him he had brought
The ſhip to ſhore, and all that he had done,
Into a port, *Tarento's* gulph beſide,
Your ſhip (quoth he) and mariners abide.

Sweet boy (quoth *Calanthrop*) thou haſt done well
To helpe thy maſter out of this diſtreſſe,
Goe to *Sophona*, and to her reveale
Thy diligence in this our buſineſſe.
Likewiſe do aske her, when ſhe thinkes it meete,
That I her miſtreſſe to be gone intreate.

By chance *Sophona* now ſtood by the gate,
The Page ſalutes her, tels to her comfort,
He brought a ſhip, then willd he her dilate
What time his maſter fitteſt might reſort
To take them hence, and lib'rate them of thrall,
Stay then (quoth ſhe) and quickly that I ſhall.

She ſwiftly went, return'd againe and told
Him, that the time was beſt the ſecond night,
And willd him to his maſter ſuch vnfold,
That *Luna's* change would then prevent her light,
Therefore it's beſt when that the night is darke,
That we (quoth ſhe) our ſelves with ſpeed imbarke.

Shortly the Page did to his maſter ſhow
The ſecond night *Lucilla* had requir'd
Him to attend the garden wall below
By twelve a clock, for then have they conſpir'd
To come away, ſo Sir, take you choyce horſes,
Then need wee not to feare purſuers forces.

Calanthrop at the time appointed came
Vnto the place, where ſoone hee got a view
Of his ſweet love *Lucilla*, beauteous Dame,
Accomp'nied onely by *Sophona* true,
Ieſting (quoth he) faire Ladies you're too blame,
To walke abroad ſo late, doe you not ſhame?

Friend

Friend (quoth *Lucilla*) what doe you expect?
For robbrie ſure, and for no other thing,
Indeed I ſhould have been more circumſpect,
For why yon little trunke my maid doth bring,
If rightly ſearcht, more worth it will be found
Then of good Engliſh coyne twelve thouſand pound.

But you to prove a kingly robber now,
Belike intend, who take our ſelves and all,
No, ſtay my friend, what mind you? how now? how?
Is't ſo indeed? you'l force me then to call
For ayd: yet rather I'le conceale my ſtate,
Then folk ſhould know I were abroad ſo late.

Thus merrily they talkt, to horſe they went,
Then to their ſhip the ready way they tooke,
Ere they attain'd the ſhore the night was ſpent,
The Page by chance did or'e his ſhoulder looke,
And there he ſaw a ſight he did not pleaſe,
Yea it his maſter likewiſe did vneaſe.

The Dukes whole guard and knights came ov'r a plaine,
On horſe and foot where then *Lucilla* lay,
But ere they came, *Calanthrop* though with pain,
Imbarkt the Ladies, yet was forc't to ſtay
Himſelfe on land his Lady to defend,
Againſt all thoſe who her returne intend.

One railing knight cryes, Yeeld, you villaine, you,
And render thoſe faire Ladies you have ſtolne,
Elſe by the ſacred gods above I vow,
I ſhall cut off thy head: with rage ſo ſwolne
Calanthrop was, he could not ſpeak a word,
But yet with courage he vnſheathes his ſword.

The knight confronts him, reaching him a blow,
Then to his guard returnes for his defence,
The wound was not ſo great as was the ſhow,
Yet *Calanthrop* did yeeld him recompence,
Telling him firſt that he muſt now forgoe
His life, the which immediatly prov'd ſo.

The knight thus kild, the reſt beſet him round,
His noble ſword now ſtood him in good ſtead,
Lucilla ever ſhrunke when he got wound,
Each blow he got her tender heart made bleed,
Yet mongſt his foes, he ſtrokes ſo ſtrong did lend,
That each were glad their wages to ſuſpend.

Lucilla ſeeing *Calanthrop* had kild
Great numbers of her native countrey men,
Her heart with pittie towards them was fild,
Their cryes and dying groanes ſo griev'd her when
Their life expir'd, that ſhe was forc't to crye
Thus to *Calanthrop* when ſhe ſaw them dye.

Stay, ſtay thy murdring ſword, ſweete heart (quoth ſhe)
And ſuffer ſome of thoſe my people live,
Not for themſelves, yet doe for love of mee,
Their lookes and wretched ſtate my heart doth grieve,
Spare them, deare love, for they my people be,
They doe repent that they offended thee.

Her gracious words did penetrate his eare,
That now his heart with pittie did relent,
He ſpares his blowes, and doth himſelfe retire,
His wearie armes, to reſt give their conſent,
Till that he ſaw ſome boates goe to aſſaile
Thoſe in the ſhip where they might ſoone prevaile.

But then he quickly in a boat did leap,
Where that three ſhips-boyes, and two knights abode,
The knights he kild, the boyes for feare did weepe.
Yet to his ſhip where ſhee lay in the roade,
He made them row, though much againſt their will,
Through feare or force he mov'd them to it ſtill.

Firſt ſight he ſaw when that hee went aboard,
A mariner before his face lay ſlaine,
To him that kild him he did thankes affoord,
That he thereafter never taſted paine.
But when his foes his valour well did note,
He was moſt happy that could gaine a boate.

For like a mad man went he vp and downe,
Making great numbers welter in their blood,
Others for to eſchew his ſword did drowne
Themſelves for feare into the raging flood,
In end the ſhip he emptied of the reſt,
Then to *Lucilla* he himſelfe adreſt,

She and her maid *Sophona* her beſide,
Sate vndere ore-lap in a quyet place,
Calanthrops Page his maſters wounds moſt wide
Bath'd and bound vp, then with a pleaſant grace,
To hoiſe their ſailes, hee Mar'ners did intreate,
Thereafter went hee to *Lucilla* ſweete.

Madam (quoth he) what thought you of this ſport
We had to day? was't not a goodly game?
Sweet love (quoth ſhe) it nothing did comfort
Me for to ſee you exerciſe the ſame.
For though my father, or my lover gaine
The victorie, I looſer muſt remaine.

But ſince that one of you muſt victor prove,
I love my father well I muſt confeſſe,
Yet neither him, nor life, to thee my love
I doe reſpect, this much I muſt expreſſe,
But ah, my countrey people are forlorne
This day for me, they to their graves are borne.

But yet there's one thing that doth grieve mee more,
As (God knowes) I moſt ſpeciall reaſon had,
To ſit and ſee thy blood diffuſd in ſtore,
In my default: what marvell I be ſad?
But come (quoth ſhe) thy wounds I will vntye,
For I ſome Balſam thereto muſt apply.

He telles her there's no need, yet ſtill ſhee vrg'd
Him to vntye them, for (quoth ſhe) I'me ſure,
It's beſt your wounds be mundify'd and purg'd,
Though you will not admit no other cure.
His Page vnties them, *Sophona* betwixt
Them ſtept, and faind as ſhe ſome vnguents mixt,

Goe

Goe hence (quoth ſhe) *Sophona* let me ſee
Thoſe wounds, els nothing can remove my feares;
She viewes them well, yet with a weeping eye:
For ſhe infuſd in ſtead of Balſam teares.
Madam (quoth he) I very much admire,
This Balſam which you vſe ſhould be ſo cleare.

I'me glad (quoth ſhe) ſweet heart to ſee thee ſo,
Thy ioyfull humour will my teares reſtraine,
This liquid vnguent did proceed of woe,
She oynts his wounds, and birds them vp againe,
Now came a boy, and told them that right neare
The Ile of *Saſon* did to them appeare.

And that the Pilot ſent him to enquire
If they intended for to view the Ile,
For this day you can no way gaine *Epyre*,
And little *Saſon* is within a mile.
Likewiſe it's beſt that wee a harbour finde
In time, for now it blowes a mightie winde.

Then (quoth *Calanthrop*) to the Iland goe,
If that you feare the tempeſt will increaſe,
For now I truſt we need not feare no foe,
If ſeas and windes deſiſt vs to oppreſſe.
The boy acquaints the Pilot that he ſhould,
Saile towards *Saſon* with what haſte he could.

Hard by the Iland in an harbour brave
When Sunne was ſet, they made their anchors fall,
To land *Lucilla* would *Calanthrop* have,
Where they erect Pavillions large and tall,
Amidſt a wood, and there that night they ſtaid,
For why, the ſtorme the Ladies much diſmaid.

But on the morne the ſtorme was ſo decreaſt,
That it was turned to a new extreame
For ſuch a calme both Seas and Aire poſſeſt
Their Ship could no where ſaile, and they eſteeme
The Ile ſo pleaſant, that they now reſolve
Themſelves ſome further in the wood t'involve

So for their diſport, after they had dyn'd,
Calanthrop and *Lucilla* walkt along
From all the reſt, vnto a place refyn'd,
Where pretty birds by their melodious ſong
Gave ſuch content, that on a little mount
They laid them downe, hard by a pleaſant fount.

This hill with Cypreſſe trees was all incloſde,
With Mirtle, Bay-tree, and ſuch ſort of wood,
On blooming boughes the birds their eares reioyc'd,
Sweet ſmelling Cypreſſe did their braines much good,
Each various obiect by their ſev'rall dyes,
As trees, hearbes, floures, delighted much their eyes.

The pleaſant murmure of the cryſtall ſpring,
Suggeſts *Lucilla* that ſhe ſhould deſire,
Calanthrop to be pleaſd ſome dittie ſing,
The which ſhe did, and doth her ſuite acquire,
For to a Mandore ſhee brought from her tent,
He ſung this Poeme, wiſhing her content.

CALANTHROP HIS PANEGYRICKE.

ABoue the skies where gods doe moue,
Each ſeᵛrall deitie honours Loue,
And entertaine the ſame.
Likewiſe the powers of fire and aire,
In concord keep their motions rare,
Deſpiſing hatreds name.
The liquid powers of groundleſſe ſea
A ſympathie affect,
And earthly powers natᵗrally
Sweet amitie affect.
Day bright Sunne, night ſhine Moone,
And ſtarres which twinkling ſhine,
Planets tell, and ſignes twell
Loues Deitie is diᵛine.

The airie Fowles, and Birds which ſing,
Through loue are mou'd to welcome ſpring
at his deſir'd returne.
Apollo *and the* Muſes *nine,*
On Parnaſſe *ſtill without repine,*
In mutuall loue ſoiourne.
The fiſh and monſters of the flood,
Through loue, their kinde ſupplie,
Beaſts wilde and tame finde loue ſo good,
They loue to multiplie.
The three Fates *rule the ſtates*
Without iarre of our life,
Graces *three, doe agree*
Vnitely without ſtrife.

The Faunes *and* Satyrs *of the woods,*
The Sylvans, Dryads, *each concludes*
To reuerence Venus *Boy.*
Vallonia *and the* Nymphes *of plaines,*
Limoniads *which in meads remaines*
A kinde of loue enioy.
The Oreads *which the mountaines haunt,*
loue towards other haue,
The Nymphs *which of their beauty vaunt*
They Venus *aid doe craue,*
The Furies *and* Fairies,
Which trip each pleaſant green,
With Naiads *and* Nereids,
Doe all adore Loues *Queene.*

Trees which in thickeſt woods doe grow,
And deepes which neither ebbe nor flow,
to loue their kinde appeare.
The flowres which beautifie the fields,
And vertuous hearbs which phyſick yeelds,
Doe fructifie each yeare.
Nature *makes plants through Sympathie,*
Affect their mother Earth,
And Earth *ſhe makes in like degree*
yearely renue their birth.

And

And floods when you see then
By confluence they meete
Voyd of harmes, each in armes,
Imbrace, and other greet.

Since sacred gods doe Love *adore,*
And each immortall power, therefore
Let humanes him obey,
Since the Celestiall Firmament
And everie sev'rall element
Love, reverence night and day,
Since Sunne and Moone, who yeeld vs light
and starres transparent cleare,
Since the twelve signes, and planets bright,
at name of Cupid *feare,*
Fowles and fish, Muses *wish*
Monsters of sea and land,
Fates *and* Graces, *with sweet faces,*
And beasts, Loves Deitie stand.

Since Gods & Nymphs of woods & meads,
Of hilles and dales, and those exceedes
All other Nymphes in beautie.
Since Nymphes of Seas and Rivers too,
And Furies, Fairies *likewise doe*
To Love *confesse a dutie,*
Since trees, brooks, rivers, hearb & flowre,
And all which serve mans vse,
Since all which live, or move, each houre
May man to love induce,
Should not wee, then who bee
Most subiect vnto reason,
Condiscend, to extend
Loves *power in the season?*

But oh, what reason then have I
Whom Gods and men doe both envie
For my Lucilla *faire,*
To honour Cupid *and his dame,*
And evermore their praise proclaime

Where

Where ever I repaire,
Who have ſo richly me poſſeſt
of the moſt beateous creature,
That eye hath ſeene, or tongue expreſt,
and of moſt comely feature.
In each art, I'le impart
Her beautie, Natures *praiſe,*
For her ſake, I ſhall make
Homage to Love alwayes.

THus having ſung, he renders to his deare
The litle Mandore ſhe of late him lent
Intreating if his ſong diſlik't her eare,
To pardon him, for ſuch a bad intent
He ſwore ne're harbour'd in his loyall breſt,
The which to witneſſe, *Venus* he atteſt.

Sweet ſervant (quoth ſhe) you doe ſtill preveene
Me by your court'ſie, which I much admire,
In right I muſt, if any wrong had beene,
Remit it freely, for I did require
You for to ſing, which ſince at my requeſt
You did: To yeeld you thankes it is the leaſt.

Now waxt it late, *Phœbus* was gone to reſt,
And Heards their flockes drave to their wonted fold,
The ſinging birds went chirping to their neſt,
The Owle ſate skrieking in an Hollyne old
Therefore thoſe lovers now forſooke their place,
And to their tent they walkt a comely pace.

When they had new refreſht themſelves with food,
And each one minded for to goe to bed,
One came and told the winde was marv'lous good,
And therefore willd them ev'rie thing expede.
So loath to let ſuch good occaſion ſlip,
Each one went preſently aboord the ſhip.

They

They weigh their ankers, and they hoyſe their ſaile,
And now they lanch forth quickly in the deepe,
A weſt north-weſt yeelds them a proſperous gale,
The ſhip vpon the tops of waves did leape.
But on the morrow by the breake of day,
They ſaw a ſaile make towards them right way.

Yet they (ſweet folk) their courſe kept without feare,
Still towards *Epire*, as they had intended,
Little knew they this was a man of warre,
And though they had, they could not have defended,
He gain'd the wind-ward, emptied all their ſheetes,
Then with a braſſe-peece rudely he them greetes.

They by no meane were able to reſiſt,
Againe he ſhootes, yet never ſpeakes a word,
Force muſt they yeeld, thinke of it as they liſt,
His ſhip then theirs was taller by a boord.
In end he offers peace if they will render,
Which they accept, for each their life did tender.

The Pyrat boords them, took what he thought fit,
At laſt by chance hee lookes, and doth eſpye
The Paragon of beautie weeping ſit,
And kinde *Sophona* doing ſo, her by,
Seeing them weepe, he neerer doth reſort,
With good intent the Ladies to comfort.

Calanthrop all this while was keeped faſt,
For he had kild two when they firſt did enter,
Downe in the roume the Souldiers had him caſt,
Sixe did attend him, for they durſt not venter
To leave him, fearing hee himſelfe would kill,
Therefore they ſtayd to know their Captaines will.

But whilſt the captaine by the Ladies ſtood,
Earneſtly viewing faire *Lucilla's* face,
Her beautie wounds him ſo, that to conclude,
He at his captive 'gins to ſuite for grace,
Wich ſhe (wiſe Lady) would not flat refuſe,
Leſt that he might the priſoners abuſe.

Now came a Sergeant, willd the Captaine ſhow
What was his will concerning him they kept,
For he hath kild your beſt commanders two,
As for the reſt, you them to grace accept.
Since (quoth *Lucilla*) of no bad pretence
That man thoſe kild, but in his owne defence,

In this reſpect (good Captaine) I intreat
You him to pardon, whatſoe're he be.
The Captaine, ſince her ſute was ſo diſcreete,
Sayd to his Sergeant, bring him here to mee.
And Lady (quoth hee) for thy ſake hee ſhall
Not die I ſweare, though he had kild them all.

Calanthrop to their Captaine they preſent,
He pardons him, his love did ſo abound
Towards *Lucilla*: likewiſe gave aſſent
That all the reſt of captives there were found,
Went to their ſhippe, all ſuch as pleaſd to goe,
For, ſave the Ladies, hee would keepe no moe.

The Captaines ſhippe was by ſome blind-rocke bruſde,
To land they muſt, before the breach they mend,
This voyage all the robbers much confuſde,
Yet ſince to land they muſt, they all intend
Towards *Zaeyntus* Pyrats harbour ſure,
Whoſe wooddie toppes, their toppe-maſts will obſcure.

There they amended all their ſhippes defect,
But yet the greateſt fault they have not ſeene,
The fault was this, the ſhip did not eiect
Thoſe miſcreant robbers which ſhee did conteine.
But theeves as well as marchants ſaile the flood
Even as the Sunne doth ſhine on bad and good.

Calanthrop here diſmiſt his *Epirots*,
And faind as though with robbers hee tooke part,
Yet he a ſecret time to them denotes,
When they ſhould ſee him, which reioyc't their heart.
They towards *Epire*, Pyrates to the ſea,
Were quickly gone, glad of their late ſupplea.

And now the Captaine 'gins againe to ſuite
The faire *Lucilla*, who did ſtill reiect
His kindeſt offers, then by golden fruite
Hee thinkes to move her, him for to affect.
But ſince he ſaw that nothing could allure
Her for to love, or his content procure.

By force hee mindes to give himſelfe content,
So he deſir'd to ſpeak with her alone.
But now the chaſtering fruſtrate his intent,
And his aſſaults the vertue of its ſtone
When he applyd his ſtrength, did make him quaile,
And ſtill he marveld why his ſtrength ſhould faile.

Now he eſteemes *Lucilla* for a witch
For why no perſwaſives allure her could,
Nor yet could gifts, which might her much inrich,
Nor could he gaine by force the thing he would.
Therfore by threats he ſeeks her to perſwade,
For this his laſt repulſe had made him mad.

Sometimes hee had remarkt her kindly looke
Towards *Calanthrop*: this incenc't his ire,
For never Rivall yet could other brooke,
Though onely luſt had ſet their hearts on fire.
Therefore if ſhee will not his ſuite allow,
To kill her hee doth execrably vow.

And leſt (quoth he) thou thinke I doe diſſemble,
I'le firſt cauſe kill the knight that's with you here,
(Oh how her heart at this ſad tale did tremble)
That by his death (quoth hee) thou death mayſt feare,
Thus ſent he Sergeants waiting on him there,
To bid the knight for death himſelfe prepare.

No, ſtay (quoth ſhe) for by the heavens I ſweare,
If you doe harme him, you ſhall nere acquyre
My love: therefore it's beſt in time forbeare
Such curſt intent, if ever you aſpire
To gaine my favour: therefore doe not grieve
Me ſo: for I behinde him will not live.

And is it ſo (quoth he?) Im'e for you then,
Faith all the earth now ſhall not ſave his life,
Yea though the world could yeeld no other men
Then now are here, for ſure you are his wife.
So whilſt he lives, my will I'le nere effect,
But being dead, I may ſome good expect.

By heavens (quoth ſhe) my husband is hee not,
Yet ſince you'le kill him, pray you kill me firſt,
That he (ſweet ſoule) by me may be forgot,
Shortly diſpatch, ſince for our blood you thirſt.
No (quoth the Captaine) it is my deſire,
His breath that lets my ioy, doe firſt expire.

But whilſt his wretch't intent hee proſecuted,
The gods (belike) would no way have it ſo,
For by a thundring noyſe they him refuted,
And ſuddaine ſtorme, that each were glad to goe,
Prepare themſelves for death as well as hee,
The captaine feardeſt of the companie.

The ſtorme increaſt, *Boreas* (it ſeem'd) had ſworne
To pull vp *Neptune* from his watry Cell,
The raging ſeas on wings of windes were borne,
Minding *Vulcanus* from his reigne t'expell,
The ſwelling Surges of the ſeas profound,
Our gallant Captaines courage did confound.

For on thoſe ſeas he Pyrate did remaine
Twelve yeares before, yet never ſaw ſuch ſtorme
In all his life, nor never ſhall againe,
Iuſt heavens revenge, when men will not reforme.
Many nights paſt, yet came this worſer day,
Which made the Pyrats (not in vſe) to pray.

But vrg'd devotion doth not oft prevaile,
So prov'd it here, for ſtill a Northerne winde
Them to the coaſt of *Africa* doth haile,
And which was worſt, no harbour could they find.
In end *Neptunus* bore them on his backe,
Vnto the greater *Syrtis*, where they wracke.

There

There dy'd the Captaine and his curſed mates,
And *Calanthrops* kinde Page there alſo dy'd,
If they had time they would revile the Fates,
Calanthrop got a boord, but now he ſpy'd
Lucilla by him, fleeting on a wave,
So from his boord he went, her life to ſave.

A little he could ſwimme, not very well,
At laſt he caught her, ſet her on his boord,
Now though he dy'd, he thought he would not feele
No paine, ſince that the heavens did him affoord
Such happineſſe, as to preſerve her breath,
Whoſe beauteous preſence had aſtoniſht death.

Through fort'nate chance they did acquire the land,
Hard by the high and woodie *Cephalas*,
Which Promontorie doth directly ſtand
Where *Syrtis* doth beginne: but or they paſſe
Any where furder, they *Calanthrops* Page
Dead doe perceive, for now the ſtorme did ſwage.

On ſands he lay, (oh how his face lookt pale)
Lucilla could not chooſe, but now ſhee wept
His maſter doth his timeleſſe death bewaile,
Yet when he mindes himſelfe had almoſt ſlept
In *Nereus* manſion, hee left off to mourne,
And to *Lucilla* did againe returne.

Now ſince hee's dead, they doe themſelves apply
To finde *Sophona*, dead, or els aliue,
And as they ſeeke amongſt the rockes to trye
For her, they ſee her ready to arrive,
The *Fates* with happy fortune ſo her bleſt,
She came to land vpon her miſtreſſe cheſt.

They welcom'd her, then altogether went
And with ſad hearts inter'd *Calanthrops* boy,
When they had done, they all with one conſent,
Each other toward *Cephalas* convoy
Where they in ſilence ſpent that wearie night,
Longing to ſee faire *Phœbus* come in ſight.

When

When day appeard, and that the night was paſt
They went to finde ſome village, or ſome towne,
For, 'gainſt their will they kept a two-dayes faſt,
The wearie Ladies by the way ſate downe
To reſt themſelves: *Calanthrop* found a boy
Who ſaid hee would to *Tapra* them convoy.

Riding hee was, a ſpare horſe in his hand
He held, whereof *Calanthrop* was moſt glad,
Yet at the boy hee humbly did demand
For money leave to ride: to which the Lad
Gave good attendance, telling him for pay
He ſhould them horſe to *Tapra* all the way.

Calanthrop gives him coyne, the boy alights,
And told him likewiſe that hee had ſome bread,
If they were hungry, to refreſh their ſprights.
Likewiſe ſome wine, if they thereof had need.
The bread and wine *Calanthrop* from him takes,
Thereof for Ladies (noble banquet) makes.

When they had done, *Calanthrop* much admir'd
A barbarous boy to them was ſo diſcreete,
To know his name therefore hee much deſir'd,
The which the boy did willingly recite,
My name (quoth hee) Sir is *Philodeſpot*,
Likewiſe by birth I am an *Epirot*.

I'me glad (quoth *Calanthrop*) for ſo am I,
(At this *Lucilla* could not chuſe but ſmile)
But (quoth *Calanthrop*) pray thee tell me why
Thou in *Barbaria* loves to ſtay this while?
Sir (quoth the boy) our ſhip was run a-ground
By this late ſtorme, where my ſweet maſter drownd.

And now ſince I a maſter lacke, I goe
To *Tapra*, for to try if I can finde
Some ſhippe, going for *Greece*, that I may ſo
Tranſported be, which much will eaſe my minde.
Pleaſe thee (quoth *Calanthrop*) I'le give thee wage,
If thou wilt ſtay with me, and be my page.

I am

I am content (quoth he) ;Sir, if you pleaſe,
Yet much I long my native ſoyle to ſee,
But yet it will my minde moſt greatly eaſe,
To ſerve or be in honeſt companie.
So horſe thoſe Ladies,I ſhall be their guide,
Behinde you one,the other me ſhall ride.

Forwards they iourney'd towards *Tapra* Citie,
But by the way (misfort'nate accident)
The vileſt tyrant, lecherous,lacking pittie,
That breath'd,or mov'd beneath the firmament,
They met withall, *Anxifer* was his name,
Of *Cyrenaica* king : yet lacking ſhame.

This ſhameleſſe tyrant, when that hee perceiv'd
Such matchleſſe beautie have ſo ſlender guard,
He and his comp'nie beaſtlily behav'd
Themſelves, not caring what came afterward.
For many wounds they to *Calanthrop* gave,
Thereafter of his Ladies him berave.

Two great misfortunes *Calanthrop* did prove,
For firſt the Ladies were bereft him there,
Next, was ſo wounded,that he ſcarce could move,
But yet the loſſe of his *Lucilla* faire,
More then his wounds did aggravate his griefe
Though his kinde Page did yeeld him great reliefe.

For hee on horſe ſet him, when they were gone,
So,through great labour,they the Citie gain'd.
But oh! to heare what wofull wailing mone
The Ladies made, when as they were conſtrain'd
To part with *Calanthrop*, and hee ſo wound,
That ſight the gladdeſt heart might have confounded.

Calanthrop through his wounds was forc't to ſtay
In *Tapra* Citie for a weeke or two,
Then towards *Epire* he without delay
And his kinde Page, addreſt themſelves to goe,
Minding a navie ſhortly for to bring
Towards *Corena*, and beſiege the King.

For

For in *Corena* did this king abide,
This *Anxifer*, who did *Calanthrop* wrong,
In *Cyrenaica* hard by the ſea ſide,
Corena ſtands, a Citie matchleſſe ſtrong,
The tyrant to this towne the Ladies brought,
Where many times he villanies had wrought.

Now muſt we leave *Calanthrop* in *Epire*,
Levying his forces with what haſte he can,
And ſpeak of thoſe faire Ladies who were here
Kept in *Corena* by this div'liſh man.
This *Anxifer*, that monſter for a King,
Who ſought the Ladies to diſhonour bring.

For when he was (as pittie were) returnd
Vnto *Corena*, he made ſhut each gate,
Toward *Lucilla* he in luſt ſo burn'd,
That he waxt careleſſe of his owne eſtate,
Save onely that he lov'd to be ſecure,
Till time he might his vile content procure.

Therefore hee to a chamber quickly went,
Taking *Lucilla* with him all alone,
Minding for to effectuate his intent,
Which he (I thinke) might eaſily have done,
Had not the vertue of the Ladies ring
Him diſappointed of his curſt deſigne,

But when he ſaw that ſtrength could not prevaile,
Nor that he could not purchaſe her owne grant,
Another way he mindes her to aſſaile,
And that was this: Some Sorcerers did hant
Much in that palace, for thoſe hath he ſent,
And bids them make that Lady be content

To bed with him: or elſe ſhow him a cauſe
Why hee could not doe what hee did intend,
Or elſe he ſweares that without any pauſe,
Their wretched ſoules to *Pluto* he ſhall ſend,
They him requeſt ſome ſpace them to allow,
To morrow this time (quoth he) elſe I vow

You all ſhall hang: thus *Anxifer* diſmiſt
Thoſe graceleſſe Sorc'rers, who in one accord
Their maſter invocate, and ſo inſiſt
Continually, till he ſent them this word,
Lucilla faire, ſhe keepes Caliſto's ring
On her left hand, whoſe vertue lets your King

Vnto the King the morrow went they all,
And told him that a ring was all his ſtay,
On her left hand ſhee keepes it, they it call
Caliſtos ring, (quoth they) therefore aſſay
If you can any way that ring acquire,
Then are you ſure t'accompliſh your deſire.

Of this the King was glad, gave them reward,
Charging them that to none they ſhould impart
What they had told him, then without regard
Of honour, went he with a merrie heart
Vnto *Lucilla's* chamber, whoſe eſtate
No heart ſo hard, but muſt the ſame regrate.

She and *Sophona* bitterly did weep e,
Yet nothing did the tyrants heart relent,
Why doe you thus (quoth he) a mourning keepe?
Faire Ladies doe not ſo: O be content,
For thou whoſe beautie gave my heart its wound,
Vpon thy head (quoth he) I'le ſet my crowne,

Which if thou wilt not willingly receive,
Then ſhall you both be vylie proſtitute
To each baſe villaine, and each filthy ſlave,
Then to the death I ſhal you perſecute.
Yet e're you dye the hangman ſhall abuſe
You both, if thou to be my wife refuſe.

Sir (quoth *Sophona*) pray let vs adviſe
Some little ſpace, which choyce of thoſe to take,
For who ſo doth a marriage enterpriſe,
Should well adviſe before the match they make.
So Sir remove, and doe appeaſe your wrath,
For be you ſure, each fleſh abhorreth death.

The King went to his Sorcerers, and told
How that by threats he hoped to attaine
The Ladies love: and to them doth vnfold
That for their magick they ſhould ſtill remaine
With him, and honour'd bee as men of worth,
If their advice good ſucceſſe now brought forth.

But now *Sophona* to her miſtreſſe ſayd,
Madame (quoth ſhe) bewailes doe nought availe
You ſee with tyrants, and I am afraid
That he with beaſtly furie vs aſſaile,
If that hee ſee his hopes are each way ſpent,
Therefore it's beſt you ſeeme to bee content.

For I am ſure before the time bee long,
Calanthrop will ſee his *Lucilla* faire,
And then moſt ſure hee will revenge our wrong,
Our loſſes all hee likewiſe will repaire,
To wed the tyrant therefore condiſcend,
For ſure your ring your honour will defend.

Lucilla likewiſe thought this courſe the beſt,
Their preſent ſhame and danger to prevent,
By this the tyrant came, and did requeſt
Them now to ſhow him what was their intent,
Lucilla told him, much againſt her minde,
She would become his wife, if hee were kinde.

Whereto he ſwore, that hee ſhould ſo her love,
That after-ages ſhould admire the ſame,
And each one ſhould his loyaltie approve,
And for the wrong he penitent became,
Which he had done her: then he cauſd conveene
His barbarous nobles for to ſee his Queene.

The very morne muſt be the wedding day,
He longs ſo much his faire Queene to enioy,
The heat of luſt can hardly brooke delay,
His barbarous Lords to morrow him convoy
Vnto a Church, where he his Queen did wed,
Would ſee him hang'd, e're ſhee with him would bed.

In

In divers ſports they ſpent the afternoone,
Ne're was bridegrome more ioyfull or more glad,
Vnto their chamber are they quickly gone,
Never was Bride more ſorrowful or ſad,
Yet in her ring ſhe ſpecially repoſd,
Not knowing that its vertue was diſcloſd

Vnto the tyrant, by a div'liſh art,
Elſe all the world could not have mov'd her goe
To keepe this tyrant companie apart,
No feare of death could her have frighted ſo,
As to involve her honour in ſuch danger,
To bee alone with ſuch a barb'rous ſtranger.

Now being alone, the King his Queene intreates
To come to bed: which ſuite ſhe doth deny.
How ſo (quoth hee) then ſummarly recites
He all her promiſes, and askes her why
Shee doth refuſe, ſince that ſhee is his wife,
To bed with him, as ſhe ſhould all her life?

Then lifting her left hand, hee faines to kiſſe
The ſame, and ſhe no other did expect
But treach'rouſly hee did her more amiſſe
At vnawares: for hee without reſpect
Of teares, or cries, pulld from her fairer hand
The chaſte ring, which ſhe no way could gainſtand.

So on the bed hee faire *Lucilla* threw,
Fully reſolv'd his pleaſure to fulfill,
He findes that once the Sorc'rers have prov'd true,
And yet he muſt be fruſtrate of his will.
For why *Lucilla* did the heavens implore
To ſave her honour though ſhe dy'd therfore.

The gods (it ſeem'd) did grant the Ladies ſuite,
For ſuch a ſhaking did the King poſſeſſe,
That his deſigne hee could not proſecute,
Iuſt heavens doe ſtill ſuch villanie repreſſe,
When earthly meanes the vertuous minded faile,
Then ſacred Powers by their ſtrength prevaile.

For

For though *Lucilla* could no way reſiſt
This tyrant king, heavens pittied her eſtate,
And ſo thoſe heavenly powers ever bliſt,
In time gave aid, whilſt ſhee her griefe relate,
For now the tyrant vile began to bleed,
And ſoone thereafter on the floore fell dead.

This ſight amaz'd *Lucilla's* tender ſpright,
So that ſhe cald the guard for to appeare
Then vp they came, for they had watcht all night,
But when they ſaw the King was dead, ſuch feare
Poſſeſt them, that they ſcarce could well take hold
Of faire *Lucilla*, who the truth them told.

Yet ever thinking ſhe the king had kild,
Their wrath and furie did ſo farre abound,
That both the Lords and Citizens have wild
The guard to put in priſon moſt profound
The Lady that this murther did coact,
Vntill ſuch time as ſhe confeſt the fact.

Her maid beg'd leave to keepe her companie,
And then the guard to Kayle did them commit,
Lucilla fully is reſolv'd to dye
What death they pleaſe, e're ſhe thus priſon'd ſit.
But now (ſweet Lady) voyd of all comfort,
She to *Sophona* ſpake in this ſame ſort,

How now *Sophona*, had it not been good
That in *Calabria* we as yet had ſtaid?
Then had our friends not ſpent for vs their blood,
Nor we thus priſon'd, been for death affraid,
Iuſt are the heavens who though into their ire,
They puniſh me with flames of ſacred fire.

Even me who have my fathers will repreſt,
Deſpiſing counſell (*Natures* kinde reſpect)
By which I brought griefe to his aged breaſt,
Who me (vile wretch) intirely did affect.
Sweet heavens (quoth ſhee) to dye for my offence
I'm glad, ſo death my miſſe can recompence.

But

But yet,(aye me) *Calanthrop* my ſweete knight,
Could I refuſe to goe away with thee?
Since in thy ſelfe is plac't my whole delight,
Likewiſe thy ioyes I'me ſure are fixt in mee,
Therefore I vow,that death,or greateſt paine
I can for thee endure, ſhall be my gaine.

Sweete Madam (quoth *Sophona*) well reſolv'd,
Though ſpitefull *Fortune* at this time vscroſſe,
And vs in woe hath guiltleſly involv'd,
Yet if with patience wee can brooke our loſſe,
We pay her home: for none can more iniure
Fortune,then patiently their croſſe indure.

And for your knight, though you great griefe ſuſtaine,
Moſt ſure the like him likewiſe doth annoy,
For,till hee ſee *Lucilla* faire againe,
I'me ſure his heart will never peace enioy,
Our griefe's at height, then Madam be content,
For,vehemencies are not permanent.

Whilſt thus they ſpake,the Iaylor did them call,
Told them that preſently they muſt compeare
Before the Iudges in the Iuſtice hall,
So with him went the Ladies, (void of feare)
Lucilla to the Iudges did dilate
The ſimple truth of all the preſent ſtate.

Yet for all that, ſhe was adiudg'd to dye,
And ſo to Iayle the Ladies did returne,
But oh! iuſt heavens,have a diſpoſing eye,
Which oft relieve the wofull hearts that mourne,
For,now they ſent the Ladies aid from ſea,
Who can & ſhall their wretched ſtate ſupplea

The morne, alive midſt fire, to yeeld their breath
Were they condemn'd: this was their puniſhment
The one as acceſſarie to his death,
The other as the actor eminent,
But yet, *Calanthrop* lately came aſhore,
E're they doe ſo, I truſt will aske wherefore.

For now hee ſent *Philodeſpot* to towne,
To trye if he could with the Ladies meete,
The Page knew all the countrey vp and downe,
Therefore his maiſter doth him now intreate,
To try what newes hee heard, or where the ſtrength
Of all the towne lay: ſo the boy at length

Went and return'd: then to his maiſter ſhew
The towne was all in armes, and much agaſt,
So, of the Ladies he could get no view,
For they into a Dungeon deepe were caſt,
The King was dead, and ev'rie one reports
Two Ladies had him kild who were conſorts.

At this report inrag'd *Calanthrop* ſweares,
He will beſiege the towne: that's not the beſt
(Quoth divers of his Lords) for it appeares
Since they're in armes, for warre they are addreſt,
Therefore let vs ſome ſtratagem invent,
Them to ov'r-throw, & fruſtrate their intent.

Sir (quoth a Captaine old) I pray you heare,
Your Page tells that the execution place
Is diſtant from the towne a mile right neare,
To morrow when they come, in any caſe,
Let vs obſcure our ſelves by the ſea ſide
Till they come forth: our forces then divide.

Your forces are ſome eighteen thouſand ſtrong,
Of beaten Souldiers, well expert in warre,
Who vow to dye, or elſe revenge your wrong,
To morrow then when Citizens appeare,
See you attend the place where as they minde
To kill the Ladies: ſome ſhall ſtay behinde,

And goe betwixt them and their Citie-gates,
By this meane ſhall we ſtop them to retire,
Then let them raile on *Fortune* and the *Fates*,
And when they cry for mercie, ſtop your eare
Till time they yeeld their Citie and their lives
To you: likewiſe their children, goods and wives.

It's well adviſde (quoth *Calanthrop*) therefore
I doe applaud: our ſhippes are out of ſight,
It ſeemes the gods doe ayd vs more and more,
Bleſt be thoſe pow'rs who favour ſtill the right,
The morne the Burgers came, who did intend
To kill the Ladies, whom the heavens defend.

Calanthrop and his forces with great rage,
Ov'r-threw the Burgers, who were full of feare,
Still was he guided by his loving Page,
Each in his Armie crying ſtill *Epire*.
Now fled the Burgers for to ſeeke refuge,
Vnto their Citie, where they muſt not ludge.

For why, *Calanthrops* forces were betwixt
Them and the towne, ſo forc't them back againe,
No where about could one their eyes have fixt,
But they ſhould ſee numbers of Burgers ſlaine,
Heavens (quoth *Lucilla*) what moves all this ſturre?
To kill vs two, you need ſmall force concurre.

At laſt *Sophona* gave attentive eare,
For why, ſhe marveld what ſhould move them ſtay,
Then preſently, ſhee heares men cry *Epire*,
Madam (quoth ſhe) we will not dye to day.
With that *Calanthrop* cryes, vntye, vntye
Thoſe Ladies, elſe by heavens you all ſhall dye.

The which they did, not daring to gain-ſtand,
Calanthrop doth *Lucilla* faire embrace,
And then *Sophona*: now he gives command
All who had captives, to remove a ſpace,
Yet ſee that no man did a Burger kill
Till time they knew what was their Princes will.

Anone the captives they to him preſent,
He graciouſly to mercie them receav'd,
The captives then their Cities keyes have ſent
Vnto *Calanthrop*, ſeeing hee behav'd
Himſelfe ſo meekly, ſparing all their bloods,
To him they rendred Citie, lands, and goods.

Then to the Citie went hee, where his forces
Receiv'd him and *Lucilla* ioyfully,
On foot they ſtood in armes, for now their horſes
Were put a part, yet lookt to carefully,
So *Calanthrop* and faire *Lucilla* went
Vnto the Palace with no meane content.

There hee directs his Souldiers all in armes
To keepe their centries carefully each night,
So ſhould they ſtill be ready for alarmes,
But ſee how ſoone that ere the day grew light,
Others, in ſtead of thoſe ſhould cent'nel keep,
That thoſe who watcht already, might goe ſleepe.

When they had ſupt, and it was time to reſt,
The Ladies to their chamber he convoyd,
Thereafter *Morpheus* ſo his eyes poſſeſt,
That hee in bed, till day, one ſleepe enioyd.
Then hee aroſe, and willd his Page goe ſee
If that the Ladies lov'd have companie.

Or if the Ladies ſleeping were, or not,
Or if they counted all their ſorrowes paſt,
And if their by-paſt griefe was all forgot,
For he with them intended break his faſt.
The Page went and awake *Sophona* found,
But ſweet *Lucilla*, yet was ſleeping ſound.

Sophona to the Page moſt ſoftly ſpake,
Asking what reſt that night his maſter got,
Yet through their ſpeech *Lucilla* did awake,
And ſeeing that it was *Philodeſpot*,
She cald him to her, askt him for his Lord.
Hee told her hee was well, and every word

Even as before his Lord did him direct.
Tell him (quoth ſhe) he baniſht hath my ſorrow,
And that I doe his preſence here expect
Whilſt thus ſhe ſpake, *Calanthrop* gives good morrow,
To her, and to *Sophona*, for no way
His page ſo ſtayd, hee could endure to ſtay.

Couſin

Couſin (quoth ſhe) pray who hath ſent for you
To come into my chamber you're too bold.
Madam (quoth he) I cannot helpe that now
If I returne not: then in armes he fold
His ſweet *Lucilla*, who forgave his miſſe,
And in her bed diſdaind not him to kiſſe.

As thus they ſport, a Lord to him was ſent,
By all the Princes of the Royall blood,
Intreating humbly he would bee content
To cauſe interre their king, for it was good,
Since he was dead, that he were had to grave,
And ſo his laſt honour of them receave.

The Sepulchre without the Cities wall
Was built moſt richly all of Marble ſtone,
Like to an Obeliske: thither went all
The Lords, and Burgers, yet with no great moane,
The corpes they carrie, buriall to enioy,
Calanthrop likewiſe did the corpes convoy.

But by the way huge feare all thoſe poſſeſt,
Who bore the corpes, the Coffin did ſo ſhake,
A thundring noyſe, midſt lightning, then expreſt
Heavens wrath, which made the ſtouteſt heart to quake.
So each remov'd, expecting the event,
In end, before their eyes, the Coffin rent.

Out of the which there came a fearfull beaſt,
Like a *Chimera* was this monſter wrought,
Fram'd like a Lyon, was it's head and breaſt,
The body thereof like a Goate was thought,
And like a Dragon, was it's filthie taile,
This beaſt the whole ſpectators did aſſaile.

And ſo ran raging wherſoere hee liſts
Amongſt thoſe frighted people to and froe,
Till that brave val'rous *Calanthrop* reſiſts
Him, giving him vpon the back a blow,
Which mov'd the beaſt, finding it ſelfe to bleed,
Vnto the *Lybian* forreſts run with ſpeed.

The beaſt thus gone, *Calanthrop* and the reſt,
(Whoſe hearts in admiration did abound)
Now to interre the corpes they thought it beſt,
But when they came, no corpes was to be found,
A ſcroll they found, the which they did vnfold
And found thoſe following verſes writ in gold.

THis metamorphoſe heavens doe right impoſe
On wretched Anxifer, *who it deſerv'd,*
This ſcroll you read, is ſent for to diſcloſe
That cauſe this tyrant ſtill from honour ſwerv'd,
Who was a king, and ſo bare rule above
Others: yet cheriſht vice, ne're would reprove.

For this cauſe to Chimera *is he turnd,*
Whoſe Lyons creſt reſembles crueltie,
And 'cauſe in luſt (not love) he ever burnd,
His Goat-like bodie imports lecherie,
His Dragons tayle doth evidently ſhow
Vnlawfull actions oft in end bring woe.

Therefore let his example teach each one
In Rulers places, who conſpicuous ſit,
Beware of tyranny: for ſtill the mone
Of poore oppreſſed people, heavens admit,
And iuſtly, when oppreſſors leaſt expect
Poure forth their wrath on thoſe who wrong effect.

If much before, each one now more admir'd,
For why they finde *Lucilla* had not kild
The king, as they ſuppoſd: ſo they rety'rd
Vnto the Citie, where the Princes willd
Calanthrop to accept the noble Crowne
Of *Cyrenaica*, which ſhould much redowne

Vnto his honour, yet hee did refuſe,
Telling them that he never did ſuch merit,
Yet will they not admit of his excuſe,
For why, they ſwore, none elſe ſhould it inherit.
In end, into a place moſt eminent,
They crown'd *Calanthrop* with his owne conſent.

There-

Thereafter was *Lucilla* crowned Queene,
To recompence the wrong ſhe had receiv'd,
Fortunes inconſtancie may well bee ſeene,
In this: for why, thoſe folkes who lately crav'd
To take her life, now as their Queen moſt fit,
In one accord *Lucilla* they admit.

Thus liv'd *Calanthrop* and his Ladies here
Into *Corena* for a prettie ſpace,
At laſt *Lucilla* long'd to ſee *Epire*,
Yet er'e *Calanthrop* mov'd from that ſame place,
In favours of the neareſt of the blood
Royall, did of the crowne himſelfe denude.

So did *Lucilla* to her endleſſe praiſe,
But yet they ever tendred this reſpect,
That *Cyrenaican* kings of them alwayes
Should hold their crowne: and likewiſe ſhould elect
(If that the royall race were dead or gone)
Ever their kings, by their advice alone.

Thoſe Articles the Princes all have ſworne,
Likewiſe they vow, their deareſt bloods to ſpend
In his behalfe, as if he had been borne
Their native king, they vow him to defend.
Thus they convoy *Calanthrop* to the ſea,
Giving rich gifts to all his companie.

Now from the coaſt of *Africa* they goe
Towards *Epire*, with great celeritie,
Smoothly their ſhips divide the Ocean ſo
The way they went, cannot diſcerned bee,
Sweet Southerne windes affoord them ſo good way,
Comarus hav'n they gained without ſtay.

Then in *Nicopolis* a day or two
They ſtayd, then went they to *Vallonia*,
Calanthrop now not fearing any foe,
Embaſſdours ſent vnto *Calabria*,
Intreating that the Duke without delay
Would come to *Epire* 'gainſt his wedding day

Where many Princes of no meane degree,
Earles, Lords, and knights, would likewiſe there expect,
And give their preſence, each as well as hee,
Hon'ring the nuptials with a great reſpect.
The Duke tells them, his preſence hee ſhould give,
They thanke him humbly, then they take their leave.

So to their King *Calanthrop* they returne,
Told him their anſwer, whereof hee was glad,
Now in *Vallonia* did the King ſoiourne,
Where 'gainſt his Nuptials hee provided had
Each in his court, horſe, clothes, and armour brave,
And each thing requiſite their hearts could crave.

Amongſt thoſe Courtiers was one gallant knight,
Hee to *Calanthrop* Couſin-german was,
(Likewiſe the King in him tooke great delight,)
This knight did love *Sophona* that ſweete Laſſe,
Sophona likewiſe did the knight affect,
For why, no wench his carriage could reiect.

Sophona Aunt was to *Lucilla* faire,
In birth his equall, and ſuch like in love,
Therefore the King, the Queene, and all were there,
Applaud this match, and willingly approve
Their equall choyce, ſo king and Queene conſent
They wedded be with them, to their content.

O what ineſtimable ioy and pleaſure
Theſe lovers by this promiſe did conceive!
I thinke they brookt it in the greateſt meaſure
Imag'narie that mortall creatures have.
Thus they, ſwift ſliding time in pleaſure ſpend,
Yet longingly the nuptiall day attend.

Now when this day that every one deſir'd
So much, was come, and Princes, Earles and Lords
Were preſent, each one whom the King requir'd,
Vnto them all *Calanthrop* ſpake theſe words,
Yet to *Calabria's* Prince he did direct
His ſpeech in ſpeciall, vnto this effect.

My

MY Princely brethren (quoth hee) I intreate
You think not hardly I in Armes am clad,
Nor that my Queen ſtands maskt: for I'le repeate
The reaſon hereof, which yet makes her ſad,
Till ſhe bee wedded, ſheel'e not ſhow her face,
Nor I vnarme my ſelfe in any caſe.

This is the cauſe: Of late in *Africa*
By chance I was (O fort'nate adventure)
When as the King of *Cyrenaica*
A tyrant vile, did many one iniure,
Heavens ſtruck this tyrant with a lethargie,
So that no phyſick could his griefe ſupplie.

This Lady you ſee here, was then his Queene,
Yet wedded to him much againſt her will,
Hee was found dead vpon the wedding ev'n,
So each one thought the Queen the king did kill.
Therfore the Queen and this her waiting maid
Who likewiſe muſt be maskt, as I have ſayd,

Vntill ſhe wedded be, impriſond were,
Thereafter were they both adiudg'd to die
Before the counſell would their king interre,
This time a boy acquaints me privilie,
That two the faireſt Ladies that did breath,
For no offence this day muſt ſuffer death.

I hearing that, having an Armie ſtrong
Hard by *Corena*, for a ſpeciall vſe,
'Cauſe that dead king before had done me wrong
I long'd for to revenge that old abuſe.
So I, in ſpite of his, releiv'd at length,
Thoſe Ladies two, by ſtratagems & ſtrength.

Thereafter homeward I my iourney tooke,
Thoſe Ladies needes would beare me companie,
Since for my ſake they *Africa* forſook,
It had in me been great diſcourteſie,
Their kindneſſe to reiect in any ſort,
Wherein I tooke thereafter great comfort.

For

For when I had with admiration gaz'd
Vpon this Ladies beautie ſtands me next,
Her lovely face my ſpirits ſo amaz'd,
That ever ſince my ioyes in her are fixt,
Likewiſe, becauſe ſhee thinkes I ſav'd her life,
She is content now to become my wife.

Now you the reaſon may perhaps admire,
Why ſhe is pleaſd be wedded vnder vaile,
It is their countrey faſhion (though not here)
Thoſe that be widowes, ever to bewaile
Their husbands death, with maids in like attire
Till they do wed, their husbands then require

Them vſually, for to leave off to mourne,
Likewiſe for to caſt off their mourning weed,
The which they doe, and ſo againe returne
To love the quick, and to forget the dead,
This is the cauſe why thoſe their face obſcure,
My Princely brethren hereof be you ſure.

But now you may in reaſon likewiſe aske,
Why I thus arm'd deſire to wed my Bride,
I elſe have ſhowne you why the Ladies maske
Their face: ſo likewiſe know, I arm'd abide,
Becauſe the martiall kings of *Epirus*
Who wan their wives by Armes, were wedded thus.

This other forme they ever likewiſe vſd,
Some forraine Prince their Queene muſt to them give,
Which ancient cuſtome none have yet abuſd,
Nor ſhall by me: for why, it would me grieve
To abrogate ſuch worthy faſhions old,
Ordain'd by my anceſtors ſtout and bold.

For this cauſe I moſt humbly doe requeſt
You, noble Prince of rich *Calabria*,
Doe me the honour before all the reſt
Of Kings and Lords of famous *Grecia*,
'Cauſe you're a forraine Prince, as to beſtow
This Queene on me, which all the reſt allow.

Sir

Sir (quoth the Duke) if that can can do you good,
Your Queene I ſhall deliver vnto you,
Therefore it's beſt you preſently conclude
To goe to Church: for to the gods I vow,
I'le honour you in any thing I can,
For why, I love each martiall-minded man.

The king did yeeld him thankes, and ſo they went
To Church, whereas the parties all were wed,
The Duke knew nothing of the Kings intent,
When to the armed king his Laſſe hee led,
For this ſame Duke had vowd, during his life,
With his conſent, his Laſſe ſhould nere be wife

The Palace Royall ſtood amidſt the towne,
When there they came, *Calanthrop* went apart,
And on *Lucilla's* head he ſet his crowne,
Diſarm'd himſelfe, then with a ioyfull heart
The King, the Queene, *Sophona* and her Lord
Vnmaskt, or arm'd, returnd with one accord.

Before the Princes in the dyning hall,
The King, the Queene, and *Sophona* there crav'd
Pardon on knees for their offences all,
Of the *Calabrian* Duke. When he perceav'd
His daughter and her maid, likewiſe her knight
Was king of *Epire*, he with great delight

In armes embrac't and kiſt *Lucilla* faire,
Next her the king, and laſt her maid likewiſe,
Then he intreates *Calanthrop* to declare,
The pret'rite fortunes of his enterpriſe,
With ev'rie ſev'rall ſucceſſe good or bad,
And ioyes and croſſes which in love he had.

For (quoth he) I remit all your treſpaſſe,
And ev'rie wrong you towards mee have done,
Since thus you have acquir'd my lovely Laſſe,
I likewiſe muſt account you as my ſonne,
Therefore be pleaſd the truth for to relate
Moſt punctually, of all your former ſtate.

At his requeſt *Calanthrop* did expreſſe
His paſſed life, even as the Duke deſir'd,
With all the circumſtances, more and leſſe,
That heretofore he had through love acquir'd.
To his diſcourſe, exult they in aſſent,
And much approve his reſolute intent.

The nuptialls celebrated were with ioy,
Which did continue for a five-weekes ſpace,
In end *Lucilla* of a goodly Boy
Was brought to bed, the wedding more to grace,
Which mov'd her father ſtay til ſhe amended,
Then home he went, as hee before intended.

So did each *Grecian* Prince: when all were gone,
Calanthrop cald *Sophona*, that ſweet maid,
She and her husband, by the king alone,
After this ſort the king vnto her ſayd,
Lady (quoth he) as yet no recompence
Of thy deſerts, through my benevolence

To thee hath been extended: wherefore now
I here to thee and to thy husband give
The province of *Theſprotia*, likewiſe you
May in the Citie of *Pandoſia* live,
Which lands with you and yours ſhall ſtill remaine,
And not returne vnto the crowne againe.

This now *Sophona* ſhall be thy reward
'Cauſe in my love thou ever didſt mee ayde,
Thee and thy husband likewiſe I'le regard
Next to my Queen, thus ſhall thy love bee payd,
Since thou with vs waſt partaker in woe,
In proſp'rous ſtate good reaſon thou bee ſo.

They on their knees doe thanke him rev'rently,
He them embraced, then a Herald cald,
Before his Queene he cauſes preſently
Them in *Theſprotia's* province bee inſtald,
Well (quoth the Queene) who ſerve (I doe perceave)
A loving maiſter, need their wage not crave.

In

In great content thus liv'd they many yeares,
Till that there came a meſſenger and told
The Duke was ſicke, and (quoth hee) it appeares
He ſhall not live, for he is very old,
Therefore it's good you to *Calabria* goe,
If you intend to ſee him die, or no.

The King, the Queene, and the yong Prince their ſonne
Towards *Calabria* doe their iourney take,
Sophona likewiſe would with them bee gone,
Likewiſe her husband went, for comp'nies ſake,
They to *Brunduſium* ſaile the ready way,
For neare that towne the Duke diſeaſed lay.

When they were come, the Duke was marv'lous ſicke,
For now his latter end drew very neare,
Yet ſeeing them, hee ſtraind himſelfe to ſpeake,
The which they all deſir'd him to forbeare,
Onely they lov'd to know his finall will,
Which all of them were ready to fulfill.

Hee finding that his dayes were neare an end,
The little Prince hee tooke into his arme,
My child (quoth hee) the ſacred gods defend
Thee ſtill, and ſave thee ev'ry way from harme,
My feeble hands ſhall crowne thee, my ſweete boy,
That ere I dye, my ſeed my crowne enioy.

For it will give my dying ſp'rite content
To ſee my off-ſpring in my place ſucced,
Whilſt I yet live: therefore to this intent,
I ſet *Calabria's* crowne vpon thy head,
And with my crowne receive my bleſſing here
Before thy father and thy mother deare.

The Prince thus crown'd, the dying Duke commends
His people vnto *Calanthrop* the King,
Then for his whole Nobilitie he ſends
Delivering them to him: but now the ſting
Of death, even then did penetrate his heart,
Which forc't him ſay, Farewell, and ſo depart.

Now

Now ſince the Duke was dead, *Calanthrop* ſtayd
Onely to ſee the funerall well done,
Which being ended, he no time delayd
But to *Epirus* with his comp'nies gone,
Yet doth his wofull Queene with teares lament
Her fathers death, which many moe repent.

Thus was the Crowne of *Calabrie* annext
Vnto *Epire*, which many yeares indur'd,
Till long time after they *Epirots* vext
Through their revolt, and many times iniur'd
Their Meſſengers, when they their tribute ſought,
Which twixt the kingdomes great warres after wrought.

For, ſince they ſaw *Calabrians* refuſd
To pay their tribute as they ought to doe
Vnto the *Epirots*, and ſtill abuſd
Each meſſenger that came *Epirus* froe,
They then reſolv'd to make them know by force
Their dutie, and thereafter vſe them worſe.

To this effect the *Epirots* did raiſe
An Armie great *Calabria* to invade,
Each Prince in *Greece* to their immortall praiſe,
Did them aſſiſt, and likewiſe did perſwade
Them for to proſecute what they reſolv'd,
Leſt they, through ſtay, themſelves in ſhame involv'd.

Therefore they went with all their Armie great,
And ſo rebellious *Calabrie* aſſaild,
Which frighted folke, with death their Armie threat,
In end, thoſe *Grecian* forces ſo prevaild,
That they a Province wonne, and brookt in peace
Long after that, which yet is cald *Great Greece*.

Now, leſt I from my hiſtorie digreſſe,
I will acquaint you with *Calanthrops* death,
And his faire Queenes, whoſe lives in happineſſe
Both in one day expir'd, through lacke of breath.
During *Calanthrops* dayes, brave martial man,
Nor yet his ſonnes, rebells revolt began.

And when *Sophona* heard of this report,
Calanthrop and *Lucilla* both were dead,
Griefe on her tender heart ſeaſd in ſuch ſort,
No phyſick earthly could yeeld her remead,
She folds her armes, and then with fixed eyes
Vpon her husband, ſhe (ſweet Lady) dyes.

Calanthrops ſonne, *Epirus* Annals tell,
Was firſt, and father of the *Caſtriots*,
Whoſe val'rous race ſtill lineally befell
For to governe the martiall *Epirots*.
George Caſtriot, *Scandarbeg*, laſt king remain'd,
After whoſe death, the *Turkes*, *Epirus* gaind.

FINIS.